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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Selections.

ANTICIPATED COLLISION IN THE UNITED STATES—THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

The slave institutions of the United States seem tending with marked fatality to some violent result. Every mail brings intelligence of some new outbreak created by the operation of the Fugitive Slave law, and it appears scarcely possible that this measure should ever be effectually enforced. On the 25th of last month we published an apologetic explanation of this law from the pen of a sensible American, and we have since given insertion to a communication of Lord Shaftesbury's on the other side. Both these writers, in our opinion, maintained their own propositions successfully; but the difference between them can only be estimated by reference to considerations omitted from the argument. A few words will put the English reader in possession of the case as it now stands, menacing with disruption and confusion the whole territory of the Union.

When the North American colonies asserted their independence, Slavery existed among them, as it did at the same time, and indeed long afterwards, in other dependencies of the British empire. The Americans, in point of fact, had the advantage of this country in humanity and enlightenment, for slave institutions were already denounced by many of them, at a period when no agitation on the subject had as yet arisen among ourselves. By the result of the war all the colonies became free, and it was in substituting some form of State government for that which had been demolished that the sagacious Americans of those days devised the scheme of confederation, converting thirteen independent States into a single Union. Such a coalition could not, of course, take place without some reciprocal concessions, and one of the stipulations then made by the free States in favour of the slave States was, that runaway slaves should be surrendered. At first this provision was acted upon without much difficulty or disturbance; but, on a certain trial, it was determined that, as the original law formed part of the federal constitution, it could be enforced only by federal officers—that is to say, by officers representing the supreme government, and not by the officers of any particular State. As the duties, however, of the supreme government in America are not numerous, its local representatives are proportionately few, and two or three officers only are to be found even in the largest States. The consequence, therefore, was, that the law became virtually ineffectual for want of an executive. The federal staff of the district was too short-handed for the capture and surrender of the fugitives, and it was in aid of the machinery thus found to be defective that the new "Fugitive Slave Law," so termed, was passed the other day. As a general conclusion, the reader may understand that the legislation in question involved no novelty at all. Its spirit was simply that of the original constitution which called the Union into being. It had always been enacted and determined that slaves escaping to free States should be given up, and the new law did no more than give effect to old provisions which had become accidentally inoperative. This is the case of the slaveholders, and of the party who may be called constitutionalists, that is to say, who, without reference to their private feelings, support the slaveholders in the rights secured to them by the constitution. As a simple case of law, plain, incontestable, and not without a certain show of justice, it cannot be impugned.

On the other hand, though the opponents of the observance have on their side no law at all, they have a principle for which they claim a priority over all law whatever. In all free countries, and in those most which are the freest, it has invariably been maintained that certain instinctive conceptions of right and reason may take forcible precedence of statute obligations. It is to this understanding, in fact, and to its exemplification at proper seasons, that political freedom and religious liberty are directly due. If our ancestors had not proceeded on such convictions, we should never have had a Protestant Church or a constitutional monarchy; and, to use a more pointed illustration, we may say, that if all Americans had passively yielded to existing ordinances, that obedience which is now claimed for the Fugitive Slave Law, there would never have been any United States. The Americans obtained their independence by declaring and maintaining certain rights inherent in man above and beyond the control of written statutes; and it is this very privilege which is now asserted by the opponents of Slavery. They say that no law of man can possibly justify institutions so manifestly repugnant to the law of nature, and that an evil so monstrous as that of Slavery calls for resistance and suppression, without respect to traditional allegiance or political obligation. Unfortunately, too, the new law is trying their principles to the very utmost, for it exacts from them not merely a passive acquiescence in these institutions, but an active co-operation in maintaining their vitality. By compelling them to surrender a miserable fugitive who has sought asylum by their sides, it makes them bear a part in the horrors they abominate; and it will be readily comprehended that many a citizen who would never dream of commencing a crusade against slaveholders would nevertheless obstinately refuse to be made personally instrumental in the capture and surrender of a slave. Yet it is equally evident that, without the enforcement of some such law, the rights—if rights they can be called—of the slave proprietors must be speedily destroyed. It has been represented that the existing arrangements form a species of compromise; and such is, no doubt, in some degree, the case. All the tendency, in fact, not only of opinion and legislation, but of political growth, has been in favour of the free States, as opposed to the slave States. The former command a majority on every occasion, and no opportunities have been lost of strengthening this ascendency. We might almost say, indeed, that the "Monroe policy," prescribed for the Union in its foreign relations has been adopted and enforced with respect to the institutions of Slavery. These institutions have not been seriously threatened with abolition: on the contrary, it has been generally resolved to protect them; but they are permitted to exist only on sufferance, and are rigidly confined to their present territorial limits, with a positive veto upon any expansion* and an obvious desire that they should decay within their own barriers. All this cannot be denied; but it is argued with some reason by the opponents of the law, that its provisions contain practically no compromise whatever, and that in empowering a slaveholder to follow his slave even into a free State, and exact the aid of that State in recovering his property, it really conveys all the authority and license which the most determined advocate of Slavery could demand. These considerations, acting on the natural independence of the American character, and seconded by the facilities existing for State legislation, have conspired to render the enforcement of the law extremely difficult, and the complications of the case even worse than before. Free States, in the exercise of their undoubted rights, pass laws for the express purpose of exasperating the slave States, and rendering the extradition of fugitives as impracticable as they can. The slave States in turn demand their constitutional privileges, threaten secession from the Union in case of refusal, secure the support of all moderate politicians by this menace, and then insist, with vindictive triumph, on the rights thus acquired. What renders the question so perilous, too, is, that every successive case occurring under the law gives occasion to popular outbreaks, any one of which may swell into something like civil war. If the differences of opinion were purely speculative, there might be some chance of avoiding a collision; but where the whole dispute, with its thousand aggravations, is brought periodically before the public in its most practical and offensive form, it seems impossible to anticipate that peace can be long preserved.—*London Times, Feb. 14th.*

[*The Times either is not aware of or does not think it worth while to notice a trifling exception to this remark that the Federal Government preferred to continue rather than abolish Slavery in Florida and Louisiana after their purchase, and that Mexico was overrun and dismembered by the armies of the U. S. that Slavery might be re-established over a vast territory from which it had been excluded.—*Ed. Standard.*]

THE LADIES OF ENGLAND AND THE LADIES OF AMERICA ON THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

George Canning, at the close of the long French war, said, "the next war will be one of principle." We have an illustration of this prophecy before us. A war has broken out between the fair ladies of England and of the United States, on the question of Slavery. It is not, however, a combat with deadly weapons, which two nations of Amazons would resort to, but is confined to weapons of a peaceful character, though often sharply pointed, such as becomes the enlightened of the nineteenth century. But it is to all intents and purposes "a war of principle." An Address from the Ladies of England, headed by the Duchess of Sutherland, and others of high rank, was forwarded to America, entreating their fair sisters to interfere in behalf of the slave. The address was couched in terms most respectful, and almost humble, and in our judgment it did not go far enough. It did not ask their influence to abolish Slavery, but only to abolish some of the abominations of a system, which itself is one unmitigated abomination. It prayed the Dames of Virginia and Georgia to allow their poor slaves to be educated and taught the knowledge of Christianity. It prayed that the sacredness of the marriage laws might be preserved, and that husbands and wives, parents and children might not be separated from each other.

Mild and gentle and respectful as was this application, it has raised a storm of indignation and abuse from those to whom it was addressed, which we are sure the fair applicants did not expect, but which is no surprise to those who have studied the indomitable pride of the Americans, and the judicial blindness about Slavery of the Southern planters, and their families. The newspaper press teems with articles condemning the insolence of the Duchess of Sutherland and her friends, in daring to interfere with the "Peculiar Institutions" of the United States. Foremost among the champions of Slavery, is Mrs. Tyler, the wife of the late President of the United States. Her reply is too long for publication, but we shall give some extracts from it. The style is not that of a lady, and we may fairly presume that she only put her name to the production of another not of her own sex. So anxious were the English ladies to conciliate, that they admitted more blame to their own country than can fairly be imputed to it. They said—"We acknowledge that our forefathers introduced, nay, compelled the adoption of Slavery in these mighty Colonies." This admission, which is not borne out by history, is thus met by Mrs. Tyler:

"In the historical fact you are certainly correct. The colony of Virginia, and I believe, most of the other colonies, were constant and earnest in their remonstrances; and one of the causes set forth in the Declaration of Independence, as prepared and written by a son of Virginia, was a continuance of the Slave Trade by the Mother Country in despite of all remonstrance on the part of the Colonies. Thus, then, England not only permitted but encouraged the Slave Trade, for a period of a century and a half, as a means of swelling her coffers; and the infamous traffic could only be expelled from this country by the force and power of the sword. Your Kings and Queens, sustained by your Parliament and people, entered into treaties, and formed contracts for the purpose of reaping a rich harvest of profit from the trade—and the voice of the slave dealer on the shores of Africa was perfect music in their ears, because it was the music of gold told into the treasury, and all merry England danced with joy at the pleasant sound. You have been well informed, doubtless, of the treaties made by your Queen Anne, of 'blessed memory,' and the crown of Spain, which stipulated a monopoly of the trade in close partnership between those royal personages, to the exclusion of all the world beside. Yes, you are altogether correct in ascribing whatever there is of immorality or crime, in the present condition of the Southern States, to your own England. The colonies remonstrated in vain until driven to desperation by her perseverance, they severed the bond that bound them to England, and established their independence, and abolished the Slave Trade by their only resource, the power of the sword. The great slave market, in which England had enjoyed a monopoly, was thus lost to her; and from that moment she began to discover that there was something rather immoral in the traffic. Before, the slave-ship was a stately argosy laden with treasure. The groans of its unhappy victims could not be heard above the surges of the ocean. Soon after, a faint cry could be heard, borne on the winds from Afric's coast; and now the Parliament House resounds with the clanging of the chains and the cries of the victims. Such was the mighty influence of the American Revolution, and such the power of the sword wielded in that ever glorious struggle. I desire to tell you, women of England, plainly, that your Address, prepared not by yourselves, but by others, comes therefore to us, laden with suspicions, when you advert, as the ground work of your interference with our domestic institutions, to the fact of the former criminality of England! Would England, with a continuance of a monopoly of the Trade over our broad acres up to the present day, have clothed herself in sackcloth and ashes, as she now has done? Where was her humanity and her Christian philanthropy for the long period of 150 years? Our ancestors on this side of the Atlantic thundered, through their remonstrances, at the doors of the Parliament House, and at the gates of her royal palaces—and yet, for all that long period she had no ears to hear, no heart to understand. No sympathy, and no philanthropy, such as now exists, found place in the stately palace."

The plea of England being the cause of American Slavery has been so often urged by its defenders, and even admitted by the true friends of the slave, that it is worth while to inquire into its truth—although if it were true it would form no excuse for its existence and extension at the present day. But gladly do the Americans turn on England for what is vicious in her institutions, though we rarely hear one word of acknowledgment for the free institutions which descended to them from their English ancestors. But it is *not true* that Slavery was introduced by England, and all the bluster in the above article has the narrowest possible basis to rest upon. Slavery was not introduced into the United States by England, but by traders from Holland, and in the very State which Mrs. Tyler quotes with such a flourish (Virginia) the colonists freely bought these slaves, and the institution was sanctioned by Colonial law, long before a single slave had been introduced under the British flag. So much for Virginia. If we go North we find the first importers of slaves into New England were the shipowners of Massachusetts, who stole slaves in Africa, and conveyed them to their own and the neighbouring States. An African Company having a monopoly of the atrocious trade was afterwards established, and then, for the first time, it fell into English hands, and that statute was a foul blot on English legislation. But how did Mrs. Tyler's ancestors receive that act? Governor Berkley, of Virginia, complained in 1671, that since Dutch vessels were excluded, not above two or three cargoes of slaves had arrived in that State for seven years. The rage for negro slaves was so great among these humane and philanthropic colonists, that the African Company was, like all monopolists, too sluggish for them, and if any "thunders" ever reached the Home Government, it was to demand why they did not send them slaves enough. The historian of the United States (Hildreth) vol. 3d, p. 523, says "the monopoly in the hands of the African Company does not seem to have been prosecuted with much spirit, and such supply as that Company furnished was chiefly engrossed by Jamaica, and the other sugar colonies." After this the trade became brisker, and the colonists were of course well satisfied—at least, there is no note of any complaint being made. The African Company was dissolved in 1750, and the accursed Trade thrown open to all. And what was the result?—did the colonists embrace the opportunity of trying to have it put an end to? Oh, no!—Ships were fitted out from Boston, Newport and New York, which entered into a competition with Bristol and Liverpool for stealing men to supply Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia with labourers. And this is the history of the Slavery of America. Mrs. Tyler talks of Queen Anne entering into a monopoly treaty with Spain, for importing slaves. She does not seem to be aware that the African Company was established nearly half a century before Queen Anne's reign commenced. It is something new in the history of the American war of Independence that it was in any measure caused by Slavery. Every one acquainted with the history of those times knows that it was the tea tax and the stamp duty that caused the American Revolution. True, Jefferson tried to get something introduced into the "Declaration of Independence" about Slavery being forced upon them. He did it on a principle well understood and acted on by him, to place the utmost amount of blame on his opponents, whether it was true or false. There were more honourable men among the Revolutionists who shrunk from thrusting such a piece of barefaced hypocrisy in the face of the world, and his proposal was rejected. The idea of slaves being forced on the States is an absurdity, from whatever quarter it comes. The shipowners stole the slaves, but would they have steeped their hands and the hands of their seamen in the deep wickedness of murdering Africans, and stealing the survivors, if they had not known a market. The *reset* is said to be worse than the thief, and that is the position of these humane and harmless colonists. In the management of this nefarious trade, the only difference that ever occurred between the Colonists and the Home Government was in regard to tax imposed on slaves. The colonists were in favour of taxes on importations, as they are to this day. The Mother Country disliked it, and vetoed some of their enactments which included slaves among other merchandise. The Virginians very soon after had the right of taxing slaves granted to them, on condition that the tax should be paid by the purchaser, and not by the importer. The tax ranged from ten to twenty per cent. It was lowered to ten per cent. in 1760, and the Act doing so, quoted by Hildreth, vol. ii, p. 493, says—"The duty has been found a great disadvantage to the settlement and improvement of the lands of the colony, *and not to answer the end intended*, inasmuch as the same prevents the importation of slaves, and thereby lessens the fund arising from the duty." This tax was afterwards repealed, no doubt to increase the number of slaves, and when it was sought to be imposed again, the act was vetoed by Lord Dunmon, and a similar one by Gov. Hutchinson in Massachusetts. And this is the whole foundation for the mighty thunders which Mrs. Tyler bombastically speaks of. It was sometimes the policy of these colonies to check for a time the importation of slaves, in order to maintain the market price of the commodity by shutting out competition. In no such case was any act ever vetoed by the British Crown, and if a prohibition had been desired by the planters, there is no reason to believe that the consent of the Home Government would have been withheld.

Mrs. Tyler would have the world believe that the American Revolution caused the abolition of the Slave Trade. That infamous trade was continued both by Great Britain and the United States thirty years after 1776, when the American Revolution broke out. In our next we shall expose other passages in Mrs. Tyler's Address.—*Toronto (Canada) Globe.*

MRS. HALE TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

The Lady's Book, for March, is a superior number, with two fine steel engravings, ugly fashion plates, pretty embroidery patterns, directions for making plumes, &c. The leading editorial is called, "The candid and Christian Reply of the Women of America to the affectionate and Christian Address of many thousands of the Women of England." This is a well written and respectful paper, quite in contrast with Mrs. Tyler's snappish answer to the English women. Mrs. Hale says: "Our hearts are open to the kind manner of your memorial. We are happy to acknowledge the bonds of 'a common origin, a common faith,' and we may add, a common language. Nor do we question your zeal in the office of counsellors assumed towards your American sisters." She then speaks briefly of the British government imposing Slavery upon us; of the eight States which have abolished it; of our prohibiting [illegible] self-government, as an evidence that Slavery is [illegible] so bad a school as the women of England suppose. She speaks of entire emancipation as the ultimate object of our government, but avers that the work of fifty years must not be crowded into five, for fear of bad results. She speaks at length of the miseries of England's poor, and asks English women to relieve us of the charge of educating the thousands of ignorant and vicious British subjects who yearly seek our shores.

There is much truth and fairness in the Reply, which is in a very calm temper; but we doubt the propriety of taking this time to recount the oppressions of England on her own subjects. It sounds more like recrimination than a love of justice and mercy, prompting to a Christian remembrance of England's poor. If Mrs. Hale is right in saying that "The system (Slavery) is a heavy weight on the States where it has been inflicted," would it not be better to confine our thoughts a short time to that weight, and employ our ingenuity about getting rid of it, than to divert our minds to other matters? Any remonstrance the women of America might wish to address to their transatlantic sisters about the condition of British subjects, might be made more effectual at some future day, and after we had respectfully considered that subject to which they have directed our attention.

The world would be but little benefitted by Christian teaching, if the sinner reproved was always to turn his thoughts away from his own sins, to recount those of his monitor. It is generally those who are determined against repentance that fortify themselves by comparing their own degree of guilt with that of another, while the awakened and penitant sinner sees first his own sins—lays aside his own "burden," before enlisting in the ministry.

That Mrs. Hale is not fully awakened to a sense of our national guilt, is evident from her assertion that "the children (of slaves) are trained in the fear of God," and that "we have public provision for the education of all the children in our Republic, and over *two millions of volumes* in our school libraries, to which all have access."

It is scarcely possible that Mrs. Hale can be ignorant of the fact that not one of the thirteen slave States of this Union has any system of public education; that in Virginia one out of every nine free white persons cannot read, and that in every one of these slave States there is a positive law forbidding any person teaching a slave to read. Does Mrs. Hale know that if she went into a slave State and attempted to teach a slave to read the name of the God that made him, she would be subject to fine and imprisonment? Even oral instruction is given them with the most cramped restrictions. We know a young lady, thoroughly Pro-slavery, who went from the Pro-slavery city of Philadelphia to North Carolina as a governess. She is a Presbyterian, and undertook to read portions of the Bible to the slaves on the plantation of her employer, every Sabbath forenoon, and to instruct them orally in the elemental principles of Christianity. The law required there should be two white persons present, and some one of the family always attended with her. She soon had a large class, many coming in from neighbouring plantations, but was obliged to desist on account of the apprehensions of neighbouring planters. Not even the boasted chivalry of Southern gentlemen could protect this young girl and her employer, a worthy widow, an extensive slaveholder, in the practice of giving slaves religious instruction. It was not thought safe to permit any considerable number of these happy creatures to meet together for any purpose. In cities and towns slaves generally get leave to go to some place of worship; but this is granted as a privilege, not enjoyed as a right, and each master or mistress, Infidel or Christian, has full power to compel his or her servants to remain at home.

When we were in Louisville there was a Sabbath school for coloured children, taught by a few self-devoted people; but the city authorities interfered and forbade it, upon the complaint of some citizen who charged that one or more slaves were there learning to read. The teachers of the school denied the charge—said they admitted only free children, and such slaves as brought with them "permits" from their masters, and that these latter received only oral instruction. The defence was considered insufficient, and the school was broken up.

While we were there we taught a class of free coloured children, all whom we could induce to attend, and this was just two families. Of a dozen or more parents who called, to ask about sending their children, only one other ventured to send any, and that but for a few days, when they were withdrawn on account of some threats of a mob.

The statements of the Lady's Book about our general education are not only unsupported by facts, but are in direct contradiction of them.

It is no doubt a melancholy fact that England's poor are poorly educated; but England does not pass laws prohibiting education. It is not a crime within her jurisdiction to teach the poor, so in this matter they are still in advance of us.—*Mrs. Swisshelm, in Saturday Visiter.*

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

We had the pleasure, several weeks since, says the *Columbian*, of hearing a speech from this true champion of the right, before a small circle of philanthropists at Cincinnati.

However Mr. Clay may have formerly come short of a true devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause, in the opinion of northern Abolitionists, and erred in some of his actions since he became known as an advocate of the oppressed against the oppressor, there can now be no doubt that he is truly and entirely devoted to the best interests of humanity, according to his judgment and understanding thereof.

On the occasion referred to, Mr. Clay commenced his remarks by stating he had never set himself up as a general philanthropist, but in whatever he had done or professed as an opponent of Slavery, he claimed only to have been actuated by a sense of the claims of justice, and the obvious rule of right, between man and his fellow man. With this avowal at the outset, he went on to utter sentiments and truths which would cover with the blush of shame thousands in our country who profess an entire devotion to the claims of a higher law than the speaker acknowledged. How earnestly did we wish, that the whole phalanx of northern divines and professed christians, who have given aid and comfort to the conspirators against the rights of the black man, and denounced the appeal of a statesman to a higher than human law against the enactments of oppression, could have heard and felt the noble utterances of this unprofessing but truly philanthropic Kentuckian! And with such noble aspirations for righteousness, and such faith as he expressed in the efficacy of the sentiment of justice in the hearts of men, what faith might not he enjoy, and what power exercise over the public mind, were there superadded to his present motives of action, the sentiment of religious accountability, and the high considera- of eternal retribution?

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Clay touched upon the subject of what is called "women's rights," in connection with his views of what is right and just between the sexes. We were especially well pleased with his remarks on this point. Although not what is technically called a "woman's rights man," yet he went in the broadest sense for human rights, including the women! At all events, he was for redressing women's wrongs; and among these, he particularly mentioned two things in which he thought the spirit of the age, as well as the claims of common justice, demand a reformation, namely, the difference of the sexes as to the rights of property, and the common law rule as to the custody of children. The latter he thought contrary to common sense, and repugnant to the laws of nature.—*Saturday Visiter.*

JUDICIAL DECISION ON A QUESTION OF PERSONAL FREEDOM.

In the spring of 1838, Clarissa, a slave in Kentucky, was permitted by her mistress, Mrs. Triggs, to accompany Mrs. Alexander to Philadelphia, and to continue with her there for more than six months, although she was apprised that by a statute of Pennsylvania, passed in 1780, any slave brought into the State would be entitled to freedom, after a residence there of six months.

Clarissa returned to Kentucky with Mrs. Alexander. [illegible] ry), her adopted daughter, executed to her an absolute bill of sale for Clarissa. Clarissa lately instituted a suit before the Circuit Court for her freedom, on the ground of having resided, by the will of her mistress, more than six months in Pennsylvania. The decision was given in her favour; an appeal was taken, and on the 21st of January the Court of Appeals, through Judge Crenshaw, delivered an elaborate opinion (published in the *Frankfort Commonwealth* of the 24th), affirming the decree of the lower Court, and liberating Clarissa.

The material part of the opinion is as follows:

"Notwithstanding the many suits which have been brought to this Court, prosecuted by persons of colour, to obtain their freedom, the precise question involved in this controversy has not been decided. It has been repeatedly held by this Court, that a slave sent or permitted to go to a State where Slavery is not tolerated, for a temporary purpose only, does not thereby acquire a right to freedom in Kentucky; but that, whatever might be his status or condition in the free State to which he had been sent, or carried, not for residence, but for a merely temporary purpose, his condition as a slave, upon his return to Kentucky, would not be changed. Rankin vs. Lydia, 2d Mar., 476—Bush's representatives vs. White, 3d Mon., 104—Graham vs. Strader, 5th B. M., 179—Tom Davis vs. Tingle, 8th B. M., 546–'7—Collins, &c. vs. America, 9th B. M., 565—Maria vs. Kirby, 12 B. M., 542. In these cases, the effect of the laws of other States where Slavery is not recognised at all, not even for a moment, was discussed and considered, and the consequence of a temporary or transient sojourn merely in such States, by the consent or approbation of the owner, was declared to be, not that the slave thereby became entitled to freedom in this State, but that, upon his return here, his condition should be as it was before such temporary sojourn—that of a slave.

"But the question whether a slave taken to a State where, although the inhabitants, whether black or white, are free, a privilege is extended to sojourners who come from slave States, to hold their servants as slaves, until a particular period, beyond which they are not allowed to do so, has not been decided. Or, in other words, if a State, into which a slave is voluntarily sent or carried by the owner, though for a temporary purpose only, has declared by statute that a slave remaining there a certain length of time shall be free, this Court has not decided what shall be the effect or operation of such a law upon the condition of a person of colour, who may, in our courts, claim to be free by virtue of such a statute. This question has been expressly left open. This Court, in the case of Maria vs. Kirby, *supra*, say: 'If any State were to enact that any slave broght within its limits by the authority of the owner, and permitted by him to remain there six months, or three, or even one, should be free, there might be some reason for saying that such a law should operate permanently, even upon the rights of strangers, because they would have an opportunity of knowing its provisions and avoiding its consequences.' And in the case of Collins vs. America, *supra*, this Court used this language: 'These remarks, and the reasoning of this opinion, are made without reference to a case in which the foreign law may directly prohibit the introduction of a slave, or the retaining of him within the State for a certain period, and declare the consequences of either of these, and we decide no question as to the effect of such a law.'

"In this case, the owner of Clarissa was apprised of what the law of Pennsylvania was, when she sent her slave there, and determined to risk the consequences. The law was, that the slave might be brought there, and her condition be unchanged for the period of six months; but that, if she remained there longer than that period of time, she should be deemed a free woman. Mrs. Trigg was informed that such was the law of Pennsylvania, and she resolved to hazard the consequences. And we think that in such a state of case, the condition of Clarissa in that State, after remaining in that State longer than six months, should follow her to Kentucky, and be her condition here. Under the circumstances, she was free there, and should be free here.

"Wherefore the decree is affirmed."

"Reed for appellant; Harlan and Callender for appellee."

The Courts of Kentucky have held that a slave permitted by his master to go for some temporary purpose into a State not tolerating Slavery, and returning to his master, is not entitled to his freedom. Until the decision of Judge Crenshaw, they expressly reserved the question, whether a slave going with the consent of his master into a State whose laws declare him to be free after a certain length of time, and returning after that period, is entitled to his freedom. This question, thus revived, is now decided by the highest court of the State of Kentucky, in the affirmative. Clarissa is declared to be free, because she remained, by the consent of of her mistress, in Pennsylvania longer than the laws of that State allowed. Now, it is clear, that if there be any *principle* in this decision, it is this: that a State has a right by statute to say how long a slave, with the consent of his master, shall be permitted to continue *as a slave* within its limits—that beyond the prescribed time, if he remain with the consent of his master, he shall be free—and that the status thus conferred ought to be recognised by the State from which he went, and to which he may return. But if this be the *principle*, it is evident that the right to enact such a statute does not depend upon a greater or less length of time. If a State has a right to declare a slave, permitted to come within its limits, free, after remaining therein, with the consent of his master, six months, it may limit the time to three months, one month, one week, one day, one hour. The thing which the Courts of Kentucky seem to require is not a mere general constitutional prohibition of Slavery, but a positive statute, precisely defining how long or how short a time a slave shall be permitted to remain, with the consent of his master, without being entitled to freedom.—*National Era.*

THE SLAVEHOLDING GUARANTIES OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

LETTER FROM HON. HORACE MANN.

Washington, Feb. 21, 1853.

Wm. L. Garrison, Esq: *Dear Sir*—I have not seen a copy of your *Liberator* of last week, but I am told it contains a speech of Mr. Wendell Phillips, a copy of which I have just read in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of New York, and in which are the following passages relating to me:

"Mr. Mann said in one of his speeches, that 'he felt for the fugitive slave as for his own blood-brother—that he ought to do as much for him as for his own blood-brother; and BUT *for the Constitution* of the United States, he would risk everything rather than let him be surrendered.' What a 'BUT'!—from the lips, too, of a champion of the higher law! Spite of all constitutions, neither my mother's son nor any other mother's son shall, with my consent, go back to bondage (enthusiastic cheers). So speaks the *heart*—Mr. Mann's version is that of the politician.

"Mr. Mann's recent speech in August, '52, has the same non-committal tone, to which I have alluded, as Mr. Sumner's. While professing, in the most eloquent terms, his loyalty to the Higher Law, Mr. Sutherland asked, 'Is there, in Mr. Mann's opinion, any conflict between that Higher Law and the Constitution? If so, what is it? If not so, why introduce an irrelevant topic into the debate?' ☛*Mr. Mann avoided any reply, and asked not to be interrupted!*☚ Is that the frankness which becomes an Abolitionist? Can such concealment help any cause? The design of Mr. Sutherland is evident. If Mr. Mann had allowed there was no conflict between the Higher Law and the Constitution, all his remarks were futile, and out of order. But if he asserted that any such conflict existed, how did he justify himself in swearing to support that instrument?—a question our Free Soil friends are slow to meet. Mr. Mann saw the dilemma, and avoided it by silence!

"The same speech contains the usual deprecatory assertions that Free Soilers have no wish to interfere with Slavery in the States; that they 'consent to let Slavery remain where it is.' If he means that he, Horace Mann, a moral and accountable being, 'consents to let Slavery remain where it is,' all the rest [illegible] *and a party man*, consents to that, but, elsewhere and otherwise, will do his best to abolish this 'all-comprehending wickedness of Slavery, in which every wrong and every crime has its natural home'—then he should have plainly said so. Otherwise, his disclaimer is an unworthy trick which could have deceived none. He must have known that all the South care for is the *action*, not in what *capacity* the deed is done."

In the first of the above passages, Mr. Phillips declares that I said in one of my speeches, that 'he [I] felt for the fugitive slave as for his own blood-brother—that he ought to do as much for him as for his blood-brother, and BUT *for the Constitution* of the United States, he would risk everything, rather than let him be surrendered,' &c. He puts this in quotation marks as my own language.

Now, the latter part of this sentence, after the capitalized 'BUT,' is not my language nor my opinion. Having said this, he so contrasts his own lofty sentiments with the mean one imputed to me, as to get 'enthusiastic cheers' for himself at my expense.

Again: in his next paragraph, Mr. Phillips says of me:

"While professing, in the most eloquent terms, his [my] loyalty to the Higher Law, Mr. Sutherland asked, 'Is there, in Mr. Mann's opinion, any conflict between the Higher Law and the Constitution? If so, what is it? If not so, why introduce an irrelevant topic into the discussion?' ☛*Mr. Mann avoided any reply, and asked not to be interrupted.*☚"

This assertion of Mr. Phillips is a doubly false one. And as though simple falsehoods were not sufficient, he intensifies them by italics, and by a '*digito monstrari*' at each end.* I did answer Mr. Sutherland by telling him his inquiry was not to the point (as clearly it was not); and so far from asking him not to interrupt me, I yielded to his interruption three several times. When he had got the whole of his point out, *twice over*, and was perfectly understood by me, I then expressed a hope that he would not interrupt me 'FURTHER'; and the whole episode shows that, having comprehended Mr. Sutherland's question, my object was to husband my hour. Yet Mr. Phillips construes this into the assertions that I practised 'concealment,' saw my 'dilemma,' 'avoided it by silence,' and 'asked not to be interrupted.'

This whole paragraph in Mr. Phillips' speech evinces such a confusion of ideas, and contains such misstatements of fact, with such imputation of bad motives, as to render it hard to believe that any man, at once intelligent and honest, could ever have uttered it. I surely never had occasion, then, or at any time, to prove any 'conflict between the Higher Law and the *Constitution*,' but only between the Higher Law and the Fugitive Slave Law. And as to the alternative question, put by Mr. Phillips, how I could justify myself in swearing to support that instrument—the Constitution—'a question' which, as he says, 'our Free Soil friends are slow to meet'—I never saw any difficulty or 'dilemma' in it; I never practised any 'concealment' about it; and I never 'avoided it by silence.' I know of no Free Soiler who has ever felt any trouble on that score, or ever been 'slow to meet the question.' And this, for the simple reason that we swear to support the Constitution of the United States, because, with our interpretation of it, it requires us to do nothing in violation of the Higher Law of God.

The next paragraph is also a tissue of misrepresentations. It charges me with asserting 'that the Free Soilers have no wish to interfere with Slavery in the States;' and that they 'consent to let Slavery remain where it is,' &c.

Now I know of no Free Soiler who has not the strongest desire to arrest the wrongs of Slavery by all the legitimate means within his power; or who 'consents to let Slavery remain where it is,' in any other sense than as he consents to the subjugation of Hungary, or to the usurpation of Louis Napoleon—because he can't help it. I never intimated anything to the contrary of this; and let me ask, does not Mr. Phillips 'consent' in the same way?

But, adds Mr. P., 'If he means that he, Horace Mann, *as a politician and a party man*, consents to that, but elsewhere and otherwise, will do his best to abolish this all-comprehending wickedness of Slavery, then he should have plainly said so.' Haven't I said so, a thousand times? Nay, according to the best of my ability, and with all the strength God gave me, haven't I *done* so? What other overmastering motive had I to enter political life? Why have I devoted so large a portion of my time to the advocacy of human freedom? Why did I set myself right across the path of that intellectual giant, Daniel Webster, and contest, hand to hand, every step of his pro-slavery course? Why did I refuse to follow the political party with which I had acted, and take the sharpest edge of their weapons, instead of their rewards? Why did I do and suffer these things, if it was not because I was opposed to Slavery, not only 'elsewhere and otherwise,' but everywhere and in all ways—in every fibre and pulse of my being? And, after all this, is there, I do not say any justice, but is there any decency in Mr. Phillips saying, that if Mr. Mann wished to oppose the all-comprehending wickedness of Slavery, 'then he should have plainly said so'? and then, assuming I did say so, insinuate that I was guilty of an 'unworthy trick'?

As to the general argument of Mr. Phillips' speech, that the Free Soilers have taken all their weapons from the armory of the Abolitionists, others must answer for themselves. I have only to say for one, that I have never been conscious of committing plagiarism in this respect; but whencesoever we may derive our arguments, I hope we may never imitate the spirit that arrogates where it cannot create, denounces where it cannot argue, and flies in the face of the best friends of the Cause it professes to cherish, dealing out to them defamation instead of encouragement.

Will Mr. Garrison please publish this communication in his next paper, as part reparation for the injury he has, I trust unwittingly, done me by the publication of Mr. Phillip's speech?

Yours, very truly,
HORACE MANN.

P. S. I request the editors of those papers who have published Mr. Phillips's speech, to publish this answer.

* It is due to Mr. Phillips to say, that the [illegible] at the end of the italicised sentence, were not in the manuscript of Mr. Phillips, nor inserted by his request, but were added by another person.—*Ed. Liberator.*

MR. PHILLIPS' REPLY.

The speech which Mr. Mann criticises was published in Boston during my absence at Northampton, and, seeing the proof but a very few minutes, I did not observe that quotation marks had been put to a sentence in which I endeavoured to state his meaning in my own language. I had come to Boston to take care that, in reprinting it, his exact words were used, when Mr. Mann's letter was shown me. I have read it attentively, and re-read my own remarks, and have nothing to alter, and no apology to make. I cannot see that I have done him any injustice.

Mr. Mann entirely mistakes if he supposes that I take any pleasure in uttering these criticisms on men whose general course and character I cordially respect. No man can appreciate more fully, or acknowledge more generously, than I do the eminent services Mr. Mann has rendered to the cause of Education, and the good words he has spoken for the Anti-Slavery cause. My blood has thrilled too often beneath his glowing eloquence, his startling denunciation, and those pictures of Slavery which thrill one's soul. For his argument against the Fugitive Slave Law, unequalled in ability, except perhaps by Rantoul, I feel, in common with many others, profoundly grateful. The mistakes of such a man are to be all the more carefully watched. *Omnia mala exempla ex bonis orta sunt.*

And now, having discharged the duty, far more grateful to me, of acknowledging the merits of Mr. Mann, let me recur to his charges. The first is, that, in my extract referring to fugitive slaves, I have attributed to him an opinion he does not hold. This is the substance of my statement, that Mr. Mann allowed that a slave was the same to him as a brother; and but for the Constitution of the United States, he would as soon return to Slavery his own brother as any fugitive slave. The latter part of this statement he denies.

In his speech of July 15, 1850, on the 206–207 pages of his volume of speeches, Mr. Mann paints [illegible] He supposes the Constitution [illegible]

"An outside belt of [illegible] States, no part of which shall be more than one hundred miles from a free frontier, would embrace nearly one half of their whole area; and, as I suppose, much more than one half of their whole slave population. What is to prevent the easy escape of slaves living within these limits? While God sends nights upon the earth, nothing can prevent it. I venture to predict, that in such a state of things, slaves will become cheap, and horses will become dear. I am aware of your laws which forbid slaves to cross bridges or ferries, without a pass; but you can have no law against seasons of low water. The old adage says, 'riches have wings.' You will find that these riches have legs. The Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, where they border upon free States, will be alive as with shoals of porpoises. *Remember there is no constitution of the United States now. That you have broken. The free States are, therefore, absolved from all obligation to surrender fugitives. The law of 1793 is at an end. . . . . The constitution of the United States, and the law of 1793, being at an end, the law of nature revives. . . . .* THE STATES BEING SEPARATED, I WOULD AS SOON RETURN MY OWN BROTHER OR SISTER INTO BONDAGE AS I WOULD RETURN A FUGILIVE SLAVE. BEFORE GOD, AND CHRIST, AND ALL CHISTIAN MEN, THEY ARE MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS."

And on page 274:

"I disdain to avail myself, in a sober argument, of the popular sensitiveness on this subject; and I acknowledge my obligations to the constitution while it is suffered to last."

On page 182 of same speech, he separates himself from those who 'desire to abolish the Constitution,' and classes himself with those whose 'allegiance to this Constitution is unshaken;' and again, page 213, he says:

"Two things exist at the North, which the South does not duly appreciate—the depth and intensity of our abhorrence of Slavery, and that reverence for the law which keeps it in check. The latter counterpoises the former. We are a law-abiding people. But, *release us from our obligations, tear off from the bond with your own hands the signatures which bind our consciences* and repress our feelings, destroy those compensations which the world and which posterity would derive from a continuance of this Union, and well may you tremble for the result."

The single sentence printed above in capitals, to my view fully bears out my statement. But I have put various portions of the speech together, to show that I do not misrepresent its general tenour. The reader will please observe, that in the sentences above italicised, Mr. Mann allows—

1. That the present Constitution secures the right to recover fugitive slaves. I shall presently cite other speeches of Mr. Mann, in which he makes the same statement.

2. In the sentence printed in small capitals, he asserts, that *were the States once separated*, he would as soon return his own brother as a fugitive.

3. He claims to bear allegiance to the Constitution. What is this, in such connection, but to leave the reader to infer that he will return fugitive slaves *until the States are separated*?

Mr. Mann's second charge is, that I have not correctly represented the interruption that Mr. Sutherland made in his (Mr. Mann's) speech of August 17, 1852.

I will extract, from his own report, the whole account in his own words, and the reader shall judge:

"To hail liberty in the East, while we were propagating Slavery in the West; to receive with honours a fugitive from Austrian bondage, while our hands were thrusting back fugitives into a tenfold direr bondage at the South, were contradictions so palpable and flagrant that even partisan blindness could not but see them. Kossuth owed labour and service to Francis Joseph, of Austria, just as much as Thomas Sims owed it to John Potter, of Georgia. Why should the one be cheered, and the other chained? Why should the Mississippi bring Kossuth here for freedom, and the Acorn carry Sims back to bondage? Kossuth had committed treason, ten thousand times over, against the House of Hapsburg. Why should he be sheltered in our arms from the penalties of treason, while the Government here sets all the foul ministers of the law to make constructive treasons for the punishment of innocent

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men Kossuth had rebelled against Austria, and had caused the death of tens of thousands of her subjects. Why should he be screened behind a rampart of American hearts, while those who killed Gorsuch, under the law of self-preservation, and in defence of life, and liberty, and home, should be ignominiously hung on the gallows? These were questions that no deafness could avoid hearing, and when heard, no sophistry could answer. Freedom is one; Slavery is its antipode; and therefore the protection of the fugitive Kossuth and the surrender of the fugitive slave could never be reconciled."

"Another collateral effect which Slavery has produced is the promulgation from the halls of Congress, and also from—what in such cases is not the *sacred*, but the *profane* desk, that there is no 'higher law' than the Constitution, or than any interpretation which any corrupt Congress may put upon it. Such a doctrine is nothing less than palpable and flagrant atheism. If I am bound to obey any human law or Constitution, as my paramount rule of duty, thenceforth that rule becomes my supreme arbiter, Judge, and God, and I am compelled, by logical necessity, to abjure, renounce, and depose all others. There cannot be two supreme rules of right. If I acknowledge myself bound by the divine law, and that comes in conflict with the human law, then I must disobey the latter. But if the human law be the Higher Law, and if it conflicts with God's law, then I am bound to disobey the law of God. If the Constitution be the 'higher law,' then we, on taking our seats in this House, and all magistrates and legislators, when entering upon the duties of their respective offices, ought not to take an oath before God to support the Constitution, but ought to swear by the Constitution to support that first, and God afterwards: provided it be convenient. I say, then, that this doctrine—which is one of the off-shoots of Slavery—that there is no higher law than the law of the State, is palpable and practical atheism. And yet it is perfectly well known to all who hear me, and to all who frequent the purlieus of Congress, that there is no butt of ridicule so common here, nothing which so readily and so frequently raises the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind' as a fling or jeer at the 'higher law.'

"Mr. SUTHERLAND. I ask the gentlemen from Massachusetts whether it is possible that the higher law of God can come in conflict with the Constitution?

"Mr. MANN. I think it would be better to ask whether the Constitution comes in conflict with the higher law.

"Mr. SUTHERLAND. I ask the gentleman if every American citizen does not obey the higher law of God when he obeys every part of the Constitution? And can any good result come from discussing these immaterial abstractions? Is not the spirit of the Constitution in accordance with the higher law? Can you point to a clause in the Constitution which, when fulfilling to the best of my ability, would make me violate the higher law of God?

"Mr. MANN. That is not the point.

"Mr. SUTHERLAND. It is the very point. You and others—I say it with all possible respect—disturb the harmony of this House and the country, by trying to get up issues upon abstract questions of morality, which have nothing whatever to do with the proceedings of this House, or with correct public sentiment. If I should undertake to make an issue between you and me upon this subject of Slavery, it would be wrong. Yet you get up here, and attempt to make this issue before the country. You get up an issue upon an immaterial question of morality, which simply tends to excite men, without any practical benefit.

"Mr. MANN. I hope the gentleman will not interrupt me further."

If Mr. Mann 'had not been professing loyalty to the Higher Law'—if Mr. Sutherland's question was not in point—if it was not made with the design I attribute to it—if Mr. Mann did not 'avoid any reply,' and if he did not 'ask not to be interrupted'—I confess I do not understand language. As for the 'hour' he wished to 'husband,' half the time he took to evade answering would have amply sufficed to have answered Mr. Sutherland frankly and explained his own views. The reason why I speak of Mr. Mann as evading a reply is this: he evidently understood Mr. Sutherland. He should, therefore, have either refused to answer or tried to answer. He did neither. He only pretended to answer. Even after asking not to be interrupted further, he goes on, for some time, talking evasively about the point. All this does not look like economy of time. If Mr. Mann then made, or has ever made, any answer to the question thus put, and which has been often put to the Free Soilers, I have never seen it. I leave the reader, however, to form his own opinion.

The third charge is, that, in order to interfere with Slavery in the States, is a 'tissue of misrepresentation.'

I answer—

1. In the speech above quoted, Aug. 17, 1852, p. 13, Mr. Mann says:

"And now, having shown what a mighty wrong Slavery is, in and of itself; having shown what collateral debasement, cruelty, and practical atheism it generates and diffuses, let me ask, if the political Free Soil party do not go to the uttermost verge that patriot, moralist, or Christian can go, *when it consents to let Slavery remain where it is?* There is an endeavour to make up a false issue for the country, and for the tribunal of history, on this subject. Free Soilers are charged with interfering *with Slavery within the jurisdiction of the States* where it is. *This allegation is wholly unfounded.* Our *whole effort* has been simply to keep it within the jurisdiction of the States where it is. We would not have it profane free territory. We would not allow it to double its present domain: we would not see it blast with nameless and innumerable woes, two-thirds of our territorial area on the Pacific coast, as it already has two-thirds on the Atlantic. *This is all we have done.*"

2. In the speech of Feb. 15, 1850, Mr. Mann is so far from denying my statement, that he seems never to have heard of anybody who did wish to agitate for the abolition of Slavery in the States. This is quite probable, since now is the first time that he ever recognised the existence of *The Liberator*. In saying that they had no wish to interfere with Slavery in the States, have I *misrepresented* the men whom Mr. Mann describes in the following extract?

"They [the South] complain of northern agitation on the subject of Slavery, and northern instigation of the slaves themselves. On the subject of 'agitation,' I deny that the North has ever overstepped the limits of their constitutional rights. *They have never agitated the question of Slavery in the States.* It has been *only* in regard to Slavery in this District, or the annexation of Texas, or the acquisition of territory for the extension of Slavery, or the imprisonment of her own citizens in southern ports, or a denial of the inviolable right of petition; it has been *only* on such subjects that the North has lifted up the voice of expostulation and remonstrance."

"In regard to instigating slaves *to escape*, I acknowledge there have been some instances of it; but they have been few. The perpetrators have been tried and severely punished, and the *North has acquiesced.*"

Mr. Mann will please not include the Garrison Abolitionist in that 'acquiescing North.' We claim the right to 'instigate slaves to escape' whenever we choose, and by no means 'acquiesce' in the imprisonment of Drayton and Sayres or Torrey.

3. In a speech, Sept. 16, 1851, on taking the chair of the Free Soil State Convention, Mr. Mann quotes Webster's words of 1848, and adds a comment:

"I may claim to be, and may hold myself, as good a Free Soil man as any member of that Buffalo convention. I pray to know where is there soil freer than that on which I have stood. I pray to know what words they can use, or can dictate to me, freer than those which have dwelt upon my lips. I pray to know with what feelings they can inspire my breast *more resolute and firm in resisting Slavery* EXTENSION OR ENCROACHMENT, than have inhabited my bosom since the first time I opened my mouth in public life."

"These, gentlemen, were his words, spoken at Marshfield, on the first day of September, 1848. If he were here to-day to address you, could he speak any *words* more grateful to your ears?"

The italics and capitals are Mr. Mann's. Do I misrepresent Free Soil, when their State Convention can imagine *no words* from Webster's lips *more grateful* than a simple pledge against slave 'extension or encroachment'?

See also his controversy with Badger.

Throughout his letters to Badger, and his addresses to the Free Soil Conventions, the same doctrine—that Free Soilers have no concern for Slavery in the States—occupies a large space. It is so woven into the texture of those addresses, that to quote at all, one must quote the whole speech.

Mr. Mann asserts that the Free Soilers have no difficulty in swearing to support the Constitution of the U. S., because, 'with our interpretation of it, it requires us to do nothing in violation of the Higher Law of God.'

It will be remembered that, as I have shown above, Mr. Mann's interpretation, the only one he has ever avowed, allows that the Constitution orders the return of fugitive slaves. I will add other citations besides those I have given:

"The constitution proceeds upon this doctrine when *it provides for the recapture of fugitive slaves* Why did it not provide for the capture of a fugitive horse or ox? Why did it not provide that, if a horse or an ox should escape from a slave State into a free State, it should be delivered up, or be recoverable by legal process? Because horses and oxen are *property*, by the common consent of mankind. It needed no law to make them property. They are property by the law of nations, by the English common law, by the law of every State in this Union—*whole men and women are not. An escaped slave could not be recovered before the adoption of the constitution. The power to seize upon escaping slaves was one of the motives for adopting it.*" p. 195.

"And will a slave, escaping to Great Britain, or to any of her colonial possessions, be reclaimable? Examine Somerset's case for an answer. No, sir. Neither the third clause of the second section of the fourth article of the constitution nor the law of 1793 will ever be extended over the Three Kingdoms or their dependencies." p. 215.

"Or to leave metaphor for literal speech: The constitution of the United States gave the most comprehensive and fundamental guaranties in favour of freedom, with here and there only an exception in behalf of Slavery. It allowed 'persons' who were held to service or labour, and who should escape into other States, to be retaken, but it also secured the trial by jury to every 'person' who should claim it on any question of life or liberty, and on all questions of property, even down to the paltry sum of twenty dollars." p. 540.

"The constitution says, he shall be 'delivered up.' There the obligation of that instrument ceases." p. 354.

In those elaborate and able arguments against the Fugitive Slave Law to which I have referred, Mr. Mann ransacks the whole Constitution, availing himself of every word that will strengthen his points; but no where does he base a single argument on this new 'interpretation,' that slaves are not referred to in what is commonly called the slave clause. He expatiates long and ably on the fact that the Slave Act violates the law of God, but no where explicitly says that the return of a slave, under any circumstances, or with any safeguards, violates the Constitution.

Now the question which I have so often asked of Mr. Mann and his friends, and which Mr. Sutherland asked him, I repeat: Do Free Soilers, confessing that the Constitution orders the return of fugitive slaves, still find 'no difficulty in swearing to support' it, and maintain that it requires nothing 'in violation of the law of God'?

This question I have been putting to Mr. Mann and other Free Soilers for years. In this very letter, there is the same lack of explicitness. After all, Mr. Mann does not tell us what the 'interpretation' is which Free Soilers put upon the Constitution. The Whigs have, it seems, asked the same question before. What answer they get, we see in Mr. Mann's speech, Sept. 16, 1851. Of their address, he says:

"It goes into an elaborate palliation of the Fugitive Slave law itself. It first attempts to shift the question by asking the Free Soilers what they would do with regard to the constitutional provision respecting escaped slaves. The views of the Free Soil party on this point, and their purpose of fidelity to the constitution, have been set forth a hundred times. In further answer, therefore, to this question, I trust it is only necessary to remark, that the Free Soil party *will do what they say*, and not pass ten long years in asserting, and protesting, and resolving, and calling Earth and Heaven to witness their devotion to Freedom, and then disavow all they had ever avowed, and forswear their oaths."

Now, I frankly tell Mr. Mann, I shall continue to criticise his speeches and those of his friends, till I get a definite and explicit answer to three questions:

1st. Do they, or do they not, believe that the Constitution orders the return of fugitive slaves? On this question, Mr. Mann was frank until this present letter, which seems to throw a cloud about it. His friends have been somewhat obscure for years.

2d. If they think the Constitution does so order, how do they justify themselves in swearing to support it?

3d. If they have any other private interpretation, how do they justify themselves in keeping such construction to themselves? And how, while the nation and the Supreme Court construe it otherwise, do they, as honest statesmen justify themselves in swearing to support the Constitution, in a sense which they know is not the sense in which the nation accepts their oath?

A promise is binding in that sense in which the promisor knows the promisee understands it. And so of Mr. Mann's oath to the Constitution. The nation—the *whole* nation—and he, are the parties to that promise. Has he any doubt in what sense the nation understands his oath?

This is not the first time that I have been called to allude to Mr. Mann's want of frankness. It is only within a very few years, that he has opened his mouth on the subject of Slavery. For years, as Secretary of the Board of Education, he preserved a profound silence, while his intimate friends were sure he was an Anti-Slavery man at heart. At that time, I had occasion to criticise those statements in his Reports, of half the truth and concealment of real facts that threatened harm to the coloured man. The most honourable excuse for him was, that his philosophy deemed it right to sacrifice the slave and the free coloured man, in order to secure for himself a wider influence, and for the white race a better education. I had no reason, therefore, to be surprised that he carried into politics the same habit. When he first entered Congress, it was by Whig nomination: and though elected, doubtless, by the votes of the Anti-Slavery party, he would give them no public recognition. They acquiesced in this, as likely to leave him stronger with his own party, and relied on his private assurances. I rejoice to say they were not deceived. But the course was one which tallied well with the philosophy of his previous years.

As to Mr. Mann's remark about 'plagiarism,' if he will read my speech attentively, he will see I do not charge plagiarism on any one.

I have no apology to make to Mr. Mann. I cannot see that I have done him any injustice. Perhaps I do injustice to the Free Soilers, in allowing Mr. Mann to speak for them. Though they have recently put him at the head of their State Convention, I know public rumour asserted that he never accepted their nomination until he found himself unable to get a Whig one: and as late as the fall of 1850, he voted, he says, the whole Whig ticket. As late as May, 1850, he was lauding the Whig party, and pronouncing General Taylor 'an Anti-Slavery man,' though a little later he could describe him as 'the hero of the Florida war—as great an outrage against a race as ever Rome or Russia committed. He had been a prominent, and, as many believed, a willing instrument in spilling the blood of a sister republic. Even should the executive divest him of military command, or he should grow too old for service, it was universally known that there was a full black battalion on his own plantation, which he would always command.' I cannot, therefore, allow Mr. Mann to talk very loudly of 'refusing to follow the political party with which he had acted.'

As to his criticism of my manner, his letter has obliged me to look again over his volume, and if he could say what I find in his Letter to Webster, 'I believe every part of my "Letter" to be within the bounds of courteous and respectful discussion: there is nothing in it which might not pass between gentlemen, without interrupting relations of civility or friendship,' I think I may claim as much for my remarks. If, quoting again his own words, I remind him that, 'among gentlemen, no insult is ever offered where none is intended: there may be heedlessness of conduct, there may be an unintentional wounding of sensibilities; but there can be no affront where the design to affront is wanting: he is not a gentleman, but a poltroon and a braggart, who pretends he is insulted, and proceeds to retaliate for the affront, when all insult and all affront are sincerely disclaimed'—I trust he will see no occasion to make the present case an exception to that very emphatic and sensible remark.

The spirit and language of his letter I cannot descend to criticise. His rule is still, I suppose, as he told Mr. Webster, that when your opponent indulges in 'angry and reproachful language, it releases you from all further obligation to treat him with personal regard.' Had I indulged in any such unbecoming language, I should not consider that fact any justification to Mr. Mann; for I cannot assent to such a canon. On the contrary, I hold myself bound as a gentleman to treat every man with courtesy, no matter how grossly any man may fail in courtesy to me. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

P.S. Editors copying Mr. Mann's letter, are respectfully requested to publish this reply.

Boston, March 1, 1853.

[NOTE.—The above correspondence we copy from the last *Liberator*. But some verbal errors have been corrected by himself in Mr. Phillips' letter, and a single sentence added in his strictures upon the conversation between Messrs. Sotherland and Mann.—*Ed. Standard.*]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1853.

M. SCHŒLCHER.

DEAR MR. GAY: I send you, for insertion in the *Standard*, a translation of M. Legouvé's article published in the "Liberty Bell" of this year. It is especially interesting, as containing a just tribute to the Anti-Slavery zeal of one with whose labours, trials and success we have the fullest sympathy, and whose history is not without encouragement for us. The Abolitionists of the United States of America, in conflict with chattel Slavery sustained by all the strength of a prosperous Republic, have bound themselves to a duty whose conditions they know and are prepared to fulfil. Of success they sometimes dream, but they do their work irrespective of any hope of success they may entertain. It is appalling to count the odds against us, and we cease to regard them, and turn to vow ourselves anew to the accomplishment of our mission—the promotion of a cause which is a Religion and whose character and claims we think we understand, leaving the success of our efforts with God—tranquil, because we know that he reigns.

Still, disciplined as we are to distinguish between the duties which are ours and the events which are God's, we know that perseverance and labour in a right direction are not always without their obvious reward.

The experience of M. Schœlcher teaches us that it is not given to us to predict how or when our ends may be attained, and that success may be near when we least venture to hope. The sailor's proverb asserts that the "darkest hour is in the morning watch." Let us remember for our encouragement—if, indeed, those privileged to labour for this Cause need encouragement—that circumstances unforeseen and unprovided for, arise at every period of human history. Political events and combinations, accidents of war and peace, unexpected and unaccountable movements, often give to feeble instrumentalities unexpected power; and it is a felicity to be found in the right spot at the right time.

I heard M. Schœlcher remark, when speaking of the Anti-Slavery enterprise in France, "We laboured for eighteen years and did not seem to have gained a step." Let us remember that during that long period, which the eloquent Legouvé describes as years of labour, sacrifice and danger, years embittered by treachery and calumny, the noble advocate of Emancipation in the French dependencies yielded to no discouragement and remitted no effort.

In the winter of 1848, M. Schœlcher was on a homeward voyage from Senegal, where he had been to examine the condition of certain prisoners. Little did he foresee, when he was nearing his native shores, that he was to be welcomed home by tidings twice blessed to the Republican and the Abolitionist! But had he come too late? and after long years of hope deferred was this golden opportunity to be lost? We can imagine his emotions during his hurried journey from Marseilles to Paris where he hoped to arrive before any decisive action should have been taken on the Anti-Slavery question:

Happily for M. Schœlcher, he had not ignoble men to deal with. The chief of the Provisional Government saw in the hour of that awful decision that it was the truest wisdom to listen to the slave's best friend, who knew well that danger lay only in retreat and compromise. "I regretted much," says the noble Arago, "not being enlightened at that time by the counsels of one who had nobly consecrated his life to the outcast negro race, and who had profoundly studied their wants and tendencies—but he was absent. * * *" Fortunately, he was even then at hand. On the 3d of March, M. Schœlcher reached Paris; an address highly unsatisfactory to him had already been adopted. M. Arago, with will be unable to understand, goes on thus. "In a conversation held that very day, M. Schœlcher proved to me *that it was absolutely necessary to return to the idea of immediate emancipation.* He demonstrated to me that the sentimental phrase which concludes my letter to the Governors of our colonies, would in no wise satisfy the slaves, etc."

M. Schœlcher was immediately appointed under Secretary of State, was charged with the work of abolishing Slavery in the colonies, and was afterwards president of the commission which established and regulated the *regime* of freedom.

All this was on the 3d of March, 1848. On the 4th of March, the Provisional Government decreed in the name of the French People, the immediate abolition of Slavery in all the colonies of the Republic.

The toils and trials of eighteen years had not been in vain. That life of devotion had enabled the slave's representative to speak with the voice of experience as well as of zeal. He was able to "prove," to "demonstrate," and, finally, to act.

The hour and the man had both come—that supreme hour may never come to the American Abolitionist of this day, but we will not the less labour and wait—and we cannot but gather strength and encouragement from such a history as this.

Since that day of hope and triumph, sad events have darkened the political horizon of France; her fondest hopes are deferred, her noblest sons are in exile; but the mission of the French Abolitionist was accomplished by the Government of February—the slave of the French Antilles is free.

I will not detain you longer from M. Legouvé's appeal to the American Slave Power, and his touching recognition of the sympathy that unites the friends of the slave, who, however widely separated by conflicting creeds or national animosities, will be ever brethren.

Truly he has some of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. Ce n'est pas une cause, c'est une Religion.

Yours ever for that faith

New York, Feb. 24.

THE RELIGION OF ABOLITION.

BY M. ERNEST LEGOUVE.

The sanctity of a cause is according to the greatness of the heroism that it inspires. Wish you for proof irrefragable of the divinity of Christianity? Number its martyrs. Young girls descending fearlessly into the arena—noble Roman ladies devoting their great wealth to the poor and becoming themselves muses and founders of hospitals, soldiers permitting themselves to be slain without resistance rather than violate the new law, offer more convincing arguments than the Epistles of St. Paul or the treaties of St. Augustine. That which imparts divine purity to the soul must be of God.

The same is true of Independence as of Religion. Americans! Much has been written against the legitimacy of your war of Independence. One thing better demonstrates your rights than all arguments, namely, the virtue which was engaged in those struggles. Who can read all your deeds of courage, of patience, of self-denial, of good sense, of heroism, without saying within himself, "These men had justice on their side, where virtue is *there* is right."

Judge then from this point of view, the Anti-Slavery question; on which side is moderation and on which intemperate passion? With which party is disinterestedness, and with which selfishness? Where must we look for heroic courage, and where for cowardly profanity?

You of all people the most reasonable and just, become as soon as this terrible question is agitated, insensate and iniquitous oppressors. How is it that this ruin of your noblest characteristics does not terrify you? It should alarm you so much the more, be it remembered, that your adversaries seem to be enriched by all that you lose; the greatness once shown by you in conflict with your English oppressors is now exhibited by Abolitionists opposed to you as slaveholders! This is no wild phrase. These are facts which strike your eyes too painfully every day to permit a denial. How many missionaries, rich or poor, obscure or illustrious, consecrate to this apostleship strength and health, fortune and life! You array law upon law against them; it matters not! their march is onward. Punishments unknown to savage nations have been inflicted upon these holy apostles. What matter! their number constantly increases.

But this is not all. Extend your thoughts beyond your own continent—to Europe—and behold the devotion there inspired by the RELIGION OF ABOLITION, FOR THIS IS NOT A CAUSE, IT IS A RELIGION! There is a man in France who has had the glory of *obtaining*, and of himself proclaiming, as under-Secretary of State, the abolition of Slavery in our colonies; that man is M. Schœlcher. His right to that glory had been bought—conquered rather—by twenty years of labour, sacrifice and danger—by the bitterest suffering to which enmity can subject a manly hand, calumniated even in its filial sentiments!

The idea of abolition is so purifying that it extinguishes in the hearts which it penetrates even political hatreds—the most implacable of all. Yes, even in France where party differences degenerate so easily into personal hatred, if by chance a *Montaynard* and a *reactionaire* learn that they are both Abolitionists, they despise each other no more—they detest each other no longer. They feel then that they are brethren.

Be assured, Americans, that a cause which produces such prodigies as these is a holy cause.

PARIS, July 15.

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY,

AT THE

Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, Wednesday Evening, Jan. 26, 1853.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

PARKER PILLSBURY, from the Business Committee, offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Anti-Slavery enterprise is more than a crusade, moral or political, against Slavery-extension, by purchase of territory, or by seizing it in wars of conquest; it is more than a vindication of the right of speech, of the press, or of locomotion; it is more than a controversy about the constitutionality of Fugitive Slave Laws, or the writ of habeas corpus, or the right of jury trial for fugitive slaves; it is an open, direct, exterminating and everlasting warfare against the doctrine that man ever, under any possible or conceivable circumstances, can be made the goods and chattels of his fellow-man.

Resolved, That, however much we may rejoice in the change of public sentiment as it appears in the refusal on the part of the people to execute the Fugitive Slave Law in so many places in the North, or to visit its penalties on those who resist it, even though they take the life of the kidnapper, and as also appears in the refusal to nominate for the Presidency those who had been most active in securing its passage, and as further appears in the occasional triumphs of the Free Soil party, still we must never forget that all these are but the results of a faithful and inflexible adherence to our original and fundamental principles, and that it is only by continuing thus faithful that we can hope to witness still greater results, and the final emancipation of every slave.

MR. PILLSBURY then proceeded to speak upon the resolutions, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—I think there is one mistake in the minds of many who profess to be friends of the slave; and that mistake is in relation to the origin and source of the evil of Slavery. And if we can by some means arrive at a just conclusion as to the real source of the evil, there can be little doubt but that we will find wisdom and fidelity enough in some quarter to resist and overthow it.

It is a very common opinion that Slavery is the creature of law; that it is the result of a defect in our Constitution; but all this is a mistake; a mere fanciful idea. Slavery is not the 'creature of law,' and does not owe its origin to any defect in the Constitution. Slavery is a plant of spontaneous growth, in just such moral soil as is that among the American people. Slavery grows out of that soil as naturally as weeds spring from a dunghill. It grows because it cannot help growing. It is a spontaneous production, and whoever supposes it can be overthrown—the soil and culture remaining as they have been in times past—has very little idea, it seems to me, of true moral agriculture. Slavery exists in our land, because we have got just that state of moral sentiment which produces it—and while [illegible] any change of Constitution, or by resolutions of ecclesiastical or other bodies, the evil will be overthrown, while the moral sentiment of the country remains as it is now, entertains a childish fancy. Slavery springs up like poisonous vegetation from the stagnant pools and quagmires, under the moral and religious tillage of forty thousand ordained and consecrated gardeners, who claim to have the oversight of God's spiritual heritage. Unless there can be a change in this domestic economy, unless there can be a very radical change in the gardeners themselves, and in the implements of their husbandry, there is no probability that, under such culture, there will be any great change in the crop; for it must be the same, and only the same, and that continually.

One of the resolutions which I have read describes first what Anti-Slavery is not. I think we have seen, in the last few years, the correctness of the principle unfolded in that resolution. We have a political Anti-Slavery party. It began many years ago, and began, in some respects, very honourably indeed. It was descended from men and from women who were, many of them, imbued with the spirit of Freedom; and the original sentiments of that political party did not differ materially from the sentiments of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies. They demanded the immediate, unconditional emancipation of every slave, without colonisation and without expatriation of any kind, and without compensation to the master. That was the original demand. On such a basis was the Free Soil, or Free Democratic, or Liberty party originally formed. But in all political associations, it will be found that whatever of love for truth and freedom there is in them, it gradually declines, till it is swallowed up in a reckless strife for party success. Just in proportion as a political party gathers numerical strength, just in that proportion does it contract disease and weakness. You have seen how the party commenced, and you know to what it has come at last. You know who were its candidates. JAMES G. BIRNEY—a repentant slaveholder; a man who had sacrificed all things in the cause of liberty; who had been content to be regarded as the offscouring of all flesh, to lose his position in society, his honourable and profitable place in the government of his country—his standing in the highest social circles of the South—all these he had sacrificed. Then he had set up a press, and consecrated it to the doctrines of humanity and personal liberty. That was sacrificed repeatedly by a brutal and infuriated mob; it was thrown into the Ohio river; but still the noble editor stood unabashed and unterrified in the midst of this storm of persecution and infuriated rage. But the party gathered numerical strength, until at length it began to be like the children of Israel when they demanded a king, that they might be like the nations around them. Mr. Birney began to suffer in the popular estimation on account of his fidelity. By and by he was sacrificed, and another candidate was substituted, not remarkable for his devotion to liberty, either in the time past or in the time then present. With Mr. John P. Hale, the numerical strength increased; but the moral force declined, until it drooped and descended to that paragon of pro-slavery and political hypocrisy, Martin Van Buren. There, for the present, let us leave it.

All these changes we have witnessed in that party. Its history only confirms my position, that just as political parties gather numerical strength, just in that proportion will decline their power to accomplish any great or good result.

What is true of parties is equally true of individuals; and we have seen, in our own midst, the sacrifice of some of the brightest luminaries our country has furnished—sacrificed by their elevation to office. I refer, now, particularly to the position of the distinguished Free Soil Senator from Massachusetts—a man who was once known in both hemispheres as a zealous and uncompromising champion of universal freedom; who had not only learned but taught what is '*The True Grandeur of Nations*'; but a man, too, who, in consequence of his success, in consequence of his having been elevated to a place of honour and profit, has been sacrificed on the same altar upon which have been placed so many illustrious victims before him. Men talk about the fall of Daniel Webster, and they seem to deplore it. I regard the Fall of Charles Sumner as equally real, and ten thousand times more dreadful. The one fell as falls the withered and thunder-scarred oak, that has braved the tempest of century after century—that has been bereft of its beauty and its blossoms—that has been shorn and shivered, and left a withered though mighty monument of the power of the elements, and finally yielded, and fallen ignominiously to the earth. The other was smitten like the mountain pine, in all its vigour and in all its beauty. Slavery scathed it to death with a single bolt of its lightning. One terrible glance from its Gorgon eye has withered him, until his fall is, as I have said, as real, and ten thousand times more dreadful, than the fall of Daniel Webster.

I know this may seem a somewhat extravagant position; but it is a position which should be taken, if it is one which can be defended. The time has come when the *whole* truth should be spoken, as well as nothing but the truth. CHARLES SUMNER was one thing as a private gentleman in the city of Boston; but I appeal to this audience if he were not quite another thing as a Senator from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts? Before he was nominated, before he was thought of as a candidate, he could make the walls of the old 'Cradle of Liberty' to ring with his eloquence, while he denounced that infamous enactment, the Fugitive Slave Law. Hear him:

The soul sickens in the contemplation of this legalized outrage. In the dreary annals of the Past, there are many acts of shame—there are ordinances of monarchs, and laws, which have become a by-word and a hissing to the nations. But, *when we consider the country and the age*, I ask fearlessly, What act of shame, what ordinance of monarch, what law, can compare in atrocity with this enactment of an American Congress? ['None!'] I do not forget Applius Claudius, the tyrant decemvir of ancient Rome, condemning Virginia as a slave; nor Louis XIV. of France, letting slip the dogs of religious persecution by the revocation of the edict of Nantes; nor Charles I of England, arousing the patriot rage of Hampden by the extortion of ship-money; nor the British Parliament, provoking, in our own country, spirits kindred to Hampden, by the tyranny of the Stamp Act and Tea Tax. I would not exaggerate; I wish to keep within bounds; but I think no person can doubt that the condemnation now affixed to all these transactions, and to their authors, must be the lot hereafter of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and of every one, according to the measure of his influence, who gave it his support. [Three cheers were here given.] Into the immortal catalogue of national crimes this has now past, drawing with it, by an inexorable necessity, its authors also; and chiefly him who, as President of the United States, set his name to the Bill, and breathed into it that final breath, without which it would have no life. [Sensation.] Other Presidents may be forgotten; but the name signed to the Fugitive Slave Bill can never be forgotten. ['Never!'] There are depths of infamy, as there are heights of fame. [Applause.] I regret to say what I must; but truth compels me. Better far for him had he never been born. [Renewed applause.]

That was Charles Sumner before he was nominated for Senator—before he was thought of for that high office; and in the same address, a little further on, in reference to the kidnapper, and the manner in which he should be treated, when discovered prowling among us, he boldly and nobly says:

But it rests with you, my fellow-citizens, by your words and your example, by your calm determinations and your devoted lives, to do this work. From a human, just and righteous people, shall spring a Public Opinion, to keep guard over the liberties of all within our borders. Nay, more, like the flaming sword of the cherubim at the gates of Paradise, turning on every side, it shall prevent any SLAVE-HUNTER from ever setting foot on this Commonwealth (cheers redoubled). Elsewhere, he may pursue his human prey; he may employ his congenial blood-hounds, and exult in his successful game; but into Massachusetts he must not come (immense enthusiasm). And yet again I say, I counsel no violence. I would not touch his person. Not with whips and thongs would I scourge him from the land. The contempt, the indignation, the abhorrence of the community shall be our weapons of offence, wherever he moves, he shall find no house to receive him—no table spread to nourish him—no welcome to cheer him. The dismal lot of the Roman exile shall be his. He shall be a wanderer, without *roof, fire* or *water* (laughter). Men shall point at him in the streets and on the highways;

> 'Sleep shall neither night nor day
> Hang upon his pent-house lid;
> He shall live a man forbid:
> Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
> Shall he dwindle, peak and pine'

(applause).

The villages, towns and cities shall refuse to receive the monster; they shall vomit him forth, never again to disturb the repose of our community (repeated rounds of applause).

I wish to call your attention to the two parts of the address I have just read. In the first part, he refers to the President of the United States, without whose sanction and signature the Fugitive Slave Law could have had no life. In the other, he speaks of the manner in which Massachusetts should receive the kidnapper. On his own showing, I think Mr. Fillmore is slave-hunter and kidnapper-in-chief—is he not?—because it was he (and he only) that could give that breath of life to the Fugitive Slave Law without which it would have no effect. Mr. Sumner speaks of the manner in which these men are to be received: 'The villages, towns and cities shall refuse to receive the monster, and shall vomit him forth, never again to disturb the repose of a peaceful community.' Yet when Mr. Fillmore came on to Boston, soon after, who was among the very first to visit him, and extend to him the courtesies of the city of Boston, and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but that same Charles Sumner; the same who declared that the 'villages, towns and cities should refuse to receive the monster, and should vomit him forth, never again to disturb the repose of a peaceful community'? Boston did not do it! I think it will be necessary, before she is thus sick of him, at her stomach, for us to administer a somewhat stronger emetic.

But I wish to speak more particularly of the position of the Senator of Massachusetts as a member of the Congress of the United States. It is through that we are to look for the *fruits*—for the ripe and improved fruits of Free Soil—of political Anti-Slavery cultivation. Just after his election, in his letter to the Legislature accepting his appointment, he says:

I accept the appointment as the servant of the Union, bound to study and maintain, with equal patriotic care, the interests of all parts of our country; to discountenance every effort to loosen any of those ties by which our fellowship of States is held in fraternal company; and to oppose all *sectionalism*, whether it appear in unconstitutional efforts by the North to *carry so great a boon as Freedom into the Slave States*, or in unconstitutional efforts by the South, aided by Northern allies, to carry the *sectional* evil of Slavery into the free States.

While the election was yet pending, the language of the Free Soilers was, 'If you will stand still, and see the salvation of God, we will put Charles Sumner into the Congress of the United States.' Well, we stood still, and we saw the election; we saw, also, the fugitive slave Sims sent back to Slavery—I will not stop, I dare not stop to see what relation one transaction bore to the other. 'I accept the appointment,' says the newly-elected Senator, 'as the servant of the Union.' At that time, what was Daniel Webster doing? He was on a pilgrimage, devout as Peter the Hermit, *saving the Union.* He was travelling from Washington to Dunkirk, and thence to Buffalo, and back through Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, and elsewhere, *saving the Union*, fancying his own the only name under heaven given among men whereby it could be saved. Mr. Sumner, before he was nominated, could write a letter, in which he said, 'Strongly attached as I am to the Union, I would not sacrifice one jot or tittle of our principles to its conservation. Union is precious, but Freedom, Humanity, Religion, are more precious still. It were poor indeed to save the Union by a damning blot upon the national conscience, which no time could efface.'

Now he can say (pardon me for so much reading)—now he can say, 'I accept the appointment as the servant of the Union; bound to study and maintain, with equal patriotic care, the interests of all parts of our country; to discountenance every effort to loosen any of those ties by which our fellowship of States is held in fraternal company; and to oppose all *sectionalism*, whether it appear in unconstitutional efforts by the North to carry so great a boon as freedom into the slave States, or in unconstitutional efforts by the South, aided by Northern allies, to carry the *sectional* evil of Slavery into the free States. And again—'With me, the Union is twice-blessed; first as the powerful guardian of the repose and happiness of thirty-one sovereign States, clasped by the endearing name of country, and next, as the model and beginning of that all-embracing federation of States, by which unity, peace and concord will finally be organized among the nations.' Further on, he says—'If I decline to recognise as my guides any of the men of to-day, I shall feel safe, while I follow the master-principles which the Union was established to secure, and lean for support on that great triumvirate of American freedom, WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and JEFFERSON.'

Mr. Sumner declines to receive as his guides any of the 'men of the day,' but leans rather for support on those two names from 'that great triumvirate of American freedom,' Thomas Jefferson and George Washington—the one a slaveholder, living and dying, the other not only a slaveholder, but *a slave-hunter!* and the signer and executor-in-chief, as President, of one of the vilest Fugitive Slave Laws that were ever enacted under heaven. These were the 'guides' which Mr Sumner placed before his eyes!

But I leave all that. He went, in due time, to Washington. We expected then to see a manifestation of the power and efficiency of political Anti-Slavery action to overthrow the evils of Slavery. We waited patiently and long; but *in the fulness of time*, it was the *fulness*, his first essay at the overthrow of Slavery made its appearance—and after eight or nine months of silence, he gave utterance to his sentiments. Now, it seems to me—though the remark may seem somewhat startling—that the influence of the speech of Daniel Webster, on the Seventh of March, 1850, was of no consequence whatever, in comparison with the disastrous and fatal effect of this first and hitherto last speech of Charles Sumner.

Mr. Chairman: Do you know whether any man, North or South, ever went so far as to call slaveholders and slave-hunters 'DEMI GODS,' in distinction from common men. I have already adverted to the fact, that Gen. Washington was not only a slaveholder and slave-hunter, smelling his game away to the bleak hills of New Hampshire, but that he signed the first Fugitive Slave Law of which, till recently, I had any knowledge. And yet, when Charles Sumner alludes to that man, and to Jefferson, common language does not subserve his purpose; he mounts into the heights of the high heroic, and proclaims that slaveholder and slave-hunter—not only, as at first, one of the 'great triumvirate of American freedom,' the first person in his patriot and political trinity—but now he proclaims him a Deity—and even more, as the 'REVERED demigod,' before whom all nations should bow down with wonder and worship. If you know, Mr. Chairman, of any other man who has thus exalted a man-hunter, a kidnapper, as well as slave-breeder and slaveholder, I confess that you have read history to better purpose than I. I think it has remained for this most illustrious Senator of the Free Soil party to pronounce a eulogy on such a man, that has no parallel, even from the blasphemous, the unhallowed lips of Daniel Webster himself.

But in regard to the speech of Senator Sumner, suffer me a little farther. If I do not greatly misapprehend, very many of the friends of the slave wholly misunderstand it; wholly fail in comprehending it. I do think its morality, in some parts, is as deadly as is the morality of the speech of the 7th of March, 1850. It seems to me it makes no advance, whatever, on the generally received doctrines of

case if she has *adherents*, or even uneasy sensations in the minds of well-disposed citizens.' Who are they—these 'well-disposed citizens'? I suppose they are those law-abiding men of Milk and State Streets—those who 'obey a law, while it is a law'! 'Rather than that either of these should happen,' continues the writer, 'I would forego her services altogether; and the example, also, which is of infinite more importance.' Isn't there magnanimity for you! It seems to me, that you rarely find such sentiments expressed as these. I think there is little, even in Daniel Webster's 7th of March speech, to compare with them. And yet, these are the sentiments of George Washington, the first person in Mr. Sumner's political trinity,—the 'revered demigod' of his devotion and his worship!

Well, let me just pass along to the commentary of Mr. Sumner on that extract from the letter. He says, 'The fugitive never was returned; but lived in freedom to a good old age, down to a very recent period, a monument of'——what? A monument to the 'mobocracy' that prevailed there? A monument to the humanity of the 'rioters,' such as snatched Shadrach from the fangs of the destroyer? No! 'She lived in freedom to a good old age, down to a very recent period, a monument of the *just forbearance*' of him whom we aptly call the 'Father of his Country'! You must remember what I just read from George Washington's letter. What did he, in his '*just forbearance*,' say must be the condition of her re-capture? Did he say, 'Let her be civilly and kindly requested to go back, and if she decline returning, then let her remain—let her '*live in freedom to a good old age*,' and Heaven bless and reward her for what she has done for me'? If he had said this, then there would have been some slight foundation for the language I just now read. But was the poor victim to be consulted at all, more than if she were a dumb beast? On the contrary, did he not brand those as 'RIOTERS' and 'MOBOCRATS' who should seek to rescue her from his clutch?

Now, Mr. Sumner tells us that 'she lived in freedom to a good old age, a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we aptly call the Father of his Country'! I know of no instance that is a parallel to this monstrous logic, except it be in the history of Jesus of Nazareth. 'The Scribes and Pharisees sought to put him to death—but they feared the people.' They took up stones to cast at him—'but they feared the people.' They went forth and 'took counsel together how they should put him to death'—'but they feared the people.' Three years they hunted him like any kidnapper; 'but they feared the people.' So, Jesus of Nazareth lived, according to Mr. Sumner's logic, to good old age—at least, he lived a time—'*a monument of the just forbearance*' of the Scribes and Pharisees (laughter and cheers)!

If I do injustice, in the position I take, to Gen. Washington, or to Mr. Senator Sumner, let the injustice be pointed out. He says, 'she lived a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we aptly call the Father of his Country.' But yet, it was only the fear of a mob or riot, that prevented him from snatching his victim at all hazards, and hurrying her back to the deep perdition from which she had escaped, to weep and wail away the rest of her existence.

But let us go a little further. 'It is true,' continues Mr. Sumner, 'that he sought her return. This we must regret, and find its apology.' Indeed! 'Find its apology'! It seems to me, the Free Soil party might be better employed than in electing Senators to 'find apology' for kidnappers, in high or low life. Why, they could have employed ministers to do the work for half the money it costs to pay Charles Sumner. Boston has got a multitude of such ministers, who are ready to *volunteer*, and do volunteer, to apologize for kidnapping and kidnappers! But yet, '*we must find an apology*,' he says, for Washington seeking to re-capture that slave—and that slave, *a mother!* I did not know that it was necessary to find any apology. 'This we must regret, and find its apology.' . . . 'From this act of Washington, still swayed by the policy of the world, I appeal to Washington writing his will.' And what was Washington writing his will? That document provided that all the slaves he had, should live and die slaves, if he happen to outlive them; and that every child should drink the terrible sacrament of sweating, sorrow and anguish which their fathers and mothers had drunk, if he or his widow should happen to outlive them. (What if he had lived as long, perhaps, as Daniel Webster is going to live? You know he said, anticipating futurity, 'I still live!') Suppose Washington did say his slaves, having served him and his wife while they lived, should, at their death—they having no children to whom to bequeath them—be set free? Why, in Heaven's name, might they not be set free then? When there was nobody to inherit them, and the owner could use them no more, what was there of magnanimity in setting them free? 'From this act of Washington, still swayed by the policy of the world,' says Mr. Sumner, 'I appeal to Washington writing his will. From Washington on earth, I appeal to Washington in Heaven.' And yet, Washington lived and died a slaveholder!—lived a slaveholder, and died leaving a will bequeathing his slaves to his only heir, his wife!—and then 'ascended to Heaven'! You remember, when Gorsuch was killed at Christiana, that a leading Methodist journal published a long obituary, proclaiming him the most eminent saint of the day, always excepting, of course, Daniel Webster. He was proclaimed, among other things, 'a model Methodist'! and it was represented of him, that he was now walking the streets of the New Jerusalem! I saw an old emancipated slave woman in Ohio, and she spoke—for she was once herself a member of the Methodist Church—she spoke of her *brother* Gorsuch, represented to have been a model Christian, and she said, 'If the like of Gorsuch goes to Heaven, I tell you dis child will hire her board in t'other place.' If Gen. Washington, after such acts as this, and such sentiments, got to heaven, why, we might as well not have any other place.

'From Washington on earth,' says Mr. Sumner, 'I appeal to Washington in Heaven.' . . . 'His death is above his life.'

I have heard a good deal said before of death-bed repentance; but I never heard it very highly extolled. This is one of the most illustrious instances in which I have heard it commended. 'His last testament cancels his authority as a slaveholder. However he may have appeared before man, he came into the presence of God *only as the liberator of his slaves*'!! I do not know how such a sentiment strikes you, Mr. Chairman, but to my mind, it strikes at the foundation of all morality, and mocks all true religion. It seems to me that it utterly annihilates all moral distinctions. It allows the kidnapper and slavehunter to pursue their prey, and then to plunder them until Death shall come, and proclaim their deliverance. Why may not the pirate on the high seas as well, why may not the perpetrator of any other crime, no matter how bloody or how black, pursue his unhallowed business as long as life be lengthened out, and then just die and go up absolved to heaven, only by virtue of having quitted his plunder when he could hold it longer?

Now, Mr. Chairman, are we to suppose that this is the best the Free Soil party could do? Was it for such morality and such devotion to liberty as this, that we were requested and urged to suspend our moral agitation, and allow Charles Sumner to be elevated to the Senatorship of the United States? Was it for this that the laws of Massachusetts must be trampled under foot, while poor Sims was held captive in the Court House, fattening for the slaughter to which he was soon to be led; and that building surrounded with chains, and with a bristling cordon of police, more hateful than scorpions. Was it for such morality and such devotion to liberty as this, that all these sacrifices were made, and all this shame endured? I have read the character of the Whig party to very little purpose, if there can be found in its speeches anything more gross, more profane, or more blasphemous towards God's law, towards Liberty, Justice, and true Religion, than is the morality of this—the first and the last speech of the illustrious Free Soil Senator from Massachusetts, before the loftiest legislative body of the United States.

Mr. Chairman, I will not longer detain the audience. I have taken this opportunity, at the opening of the meeting, to throw out these remarks, in the hope that they may cause earnest inquiry, and awaken deeper reflection on this subject. I trust a course will be taken in this meeting, that shall give it the character which our meetings have always hitherto been so fortunate as to possess.

I am not discouraged that the house is not filled; I am not discouraged at what some call the apparent coldness on the part of the friends of humanity. But I will tell you what is to be deplored; and that is, that under the influence of such sentiments as those that I have read, very much of this coldness has been produced. It is not on account of the Seventh of March speech. That speech roused all the humanity and love of liberty in Massachusetts, and wherever else its blasphemies went. But the speech of Charles Sumner in Congress has done much to lay the Spirit of Freedom, in this Commonwealth, low in the dust. The effect of that oration will be remembered and felt when the effect of Daniel Webster's speech shall be forgotten. I have nothing to say in regard to the motives of the Senator, nor of his constituents. I institute no comparison as to the *designs* of these two great men; one of whom has just closed a long, but sadly inglorious public life, and the other is now beginning what may be more or less inglorious, according as he himself shall elect. But of this I feel sure—a few more such speeches as Mr. Sumner's must be the death-knell and warrant of political Anti-Slavery, if it seal not also the doom of the moral and religious agitation, the last rainbow of promise—the Forlorn Hope of the Slave.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent exulteth in the Fourth of March—And Why?—The Day of Reward and of Judgment—Illustrious Insignificance—The Correspondent endorseth it—Political Giants and Pigmies—The New Hampshire Gulliver—The Correspondent giveth a Recipe for a Presidential Pie—Who put in the plums and who is to pull them out—The Correspondent on Vice Presidents—On qualifications for Cabinets—He doth justice to Mr. Marcy's patched breeches—Also to Mr. Cushing—He acknowledgeth his ignorance—He narrowly escapeth a bet—He exalteth the Past and saith the Former Days were better than these—And why?—He is ornothological—He apologizeth—He compassionateth his Literary Executors and maketh a Codicil to his Will, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, March 4, 1853.

THIS is a delicious day! I don't mean as to the weather, which is well enough—but that is nothing to the purpose. I mean it is a day of eminent satisfactions to your Correspondent. For is it not the day to which all the Rascalities of 1850, and the time following, looked as the Day of Reward? And is it not the Day of Judgment, instead, to those miserable sinners? It was to this very day of all days that Webster, and Clay, and Cass, and Scott, and Marcy, and Douglass, and Dickinson, and Fillmore, and Buchanan, and all the rest of 'em, were looking forward when they committed, either as principals or as accessories after the fact, the Crime of the Compromises. The glow of this sun it was, seen in vision so long before, that lighted them on to those villanies. On this day each of them hoped to find himself hoisted on the shoulders of the people, or rather of one handful of slaveholding masters, into the Presidential Chair. And now where are they? Clay dead of a natural death, after giving Webster his *coup de grace* which, after a few months of agony, laid him broken hearted in the tomb at Marshfield. All the rest of them ignominious survivors, living to see the prize of their humiliation carried off by a man eminent only for his insignificance, and selected only because he had not the load of their infamy to struggle against, and because he had the discretion not to touch it (publicly) with one of his fingers! And, if the Telegraph does not lie, Scott, and Cass, and Douglass, and Fillmore, are expressing their satisfaction at the result! O, it is a delicious day! Only to think of how their gorge must rise at it! As to the obscure tool who is preferred over their heads, nobody grudges him his success. The Slaveocracy must have a President, and he will answer the turn as well as any one. "*Ex quovis ligno!*" Such a divinity may be carved out of any log! And one could not have been chosen which would disappoint so many profligate adventurers. And that is what Justice most craves. It is a satisfaction of Nemesis.

But is it not odd to see how our public men dwindle as the country grows big! When the surface of our prosperity was a very champaign one, when we lived in the Vale, as it were, at any rate we had pyramids in it, or, at least, giants walking over it. But now that our volcanic energies have heaved its old level to the height of Alps, we find only pigmies perched on them. With the single exception of Polk, we have never had a President that would not have had some sort of a place in History, until some Virginian Diogenes, mousing about with his lantern in search of an honest man of the particular stamp, picked up little Franklin Pierce somewhere in New Hampshire! And the American people, like the farmers in Brobdingnag, had to put on their spectacle to see this new Gulliver, this political mannikin, this Presidential Grildrig!* And then they took him up with their thumb and forefinger and tenderly set him down in the White House at Washington. But the smaller the puppet, the more readily will it obey the wires and hop this way or that, or turn summersets of any given pattern, according as the masters of the Show think good. Mr. Pierce will fulfil the mission of an American President as well as a bigger rogue. For all he has to do is to let the slaveholders have everything their own way, and call it Concession to Preserve the Union—a just Consideration of the Rights of All Parts of the Country—Administering the Government in a National and not a Sectional spirit. The formulas are all cut and dried to his hand, and by men who had no notion, when they were cutting and drying them, that they were doing it for his benefit. It is that that gives flavour and raciness to his Inaugural. He may be as good a boy as Jacky Horner himself, as he puts in his thumb and pulls out those plums—but the cooks that put them there never meant them for his eating. So he does well to say grace for them as he devoutly does.

By the way, when I said that all the Presidents, except Polk, until now, were men that would have had some kind of a niche in history, had they never been President, of course I did not mean to include Messrs. Tyler and Fillmore. I forgot them (as who will ever remember either of them, except as the men that signed the Act admitting Texas and the Fugitive Slave Law?) and only meant the men chosen as *real* Presidents. And, then, the men of whom Cabinets are made now, one would think they, too, were chosen because nobody had ever heard of them! Of Mr. Pierce's Cabinet, Mr. Marcy has been mentioned occasionally, as Polk's Mexican War Secretary, and as the Governor of New York who charged the State fifty cents for the repair of an envious rent in his unmentionables, received in her service. I don't mention this last in his disparagement. Not at all. It was the most creditable thing I ever heard of him. It showed pecuniary honesty and exactness, which, like other Republican virtues, is getting a little seedy. When would Webster have made a charge like that? If *he* had torn his breeches on public account, he would have charged Fifty Thousand Dollars for it, at least. Mr. Marcy has been heard of, and so has Caleb Cushing. *He has* had a notoriety, such as it is, and, whatever may be thought of him, nobody will deny him ability and industry. But who, in the name of wonder, are the others? Guthrie, Campbell, Dobbin, and the rest of them. I have no doubt they are very great men, as I infallibly believe in the immortal fame of the authors and authoresses on the cover of *Graham's Magazine*, only I must confess to never having heard of them. And it is not only this Constellation that surrounds the Rising Sun, but that which accompanied the Setting Lustre of Mr. Fillmore. How many of their names can you count up on your fingers, Mr. Reader? If I were a sporting character, I would bet Sixpence that not one of my readers can name them over in two minutes from this present reading. I am sure I couldn't.

Now, it was not always so. Whatever one may think of the ministers of the early Presidents, they were, at least, all eminent men. Jay, Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, Marshall, Madison, Gallatin, Monroe, Adams, and so on—scarcely one that had not an historical name, and who was not selected for some other reason than his coming from a particular part of the country. But the fact is, they are now perfectly insignificant—as much so as the underlings in their offices. They are only so many cyphers after the great black figure of Slavery, of no use but to increase the value of what stands before them. So a man of average general information may perfectly well discharge his memory of their names, while he would be ashamed not to know all about the prominent English ministers. For these stand for something, which the others do not. And so as to Congress, how many men of any national celebrity will there be in the next one? I rather think they could all be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. Indeed, the race of great men has been running out sadly the last quarter of a century. We have been hard put to it for idols, of late years. South Carolina has furnished us with the most respectable and the greatest in Calhoun, and yet she had produced Robert Goodloe Harper and William Lowndes. Clay has been all that Virginia has had to show for Patrick Henry and William Wirt. And poor Massachusetts, after having produced Samuel Dexter and Fisher Ames, is reduced to apotheosize such a mercenary political attorney as Daniel Webster! But Slavery is to blame for it all. Greatness cannot grow under such a shade as that. There is as much genius in the country now as ever there was; but Slavery clips its wings and cages it, if it venture within its reach, and so it generally keeps its distance. The eagle must be transformed into a "tame villatic fowl" before it can hope for any pickings on the National Dunghill.

I protest I do believe I have been preaching all this time! I meant to have given you a good dish of gossip, and it is all one as a Leading Article. It might have come from your Corresponding Editor next week—if he were capable of writing anything half so good. However, I am not often guilty of being sententious in my Epistles, so I hope you will excuse me, this once. I will do my best never to be wise again. I am chiefly concerned for my Literary Executors, who may be puzzled as to which division of my works this production properly belongs. But, to relieve their anxieties, I do hereby authorize them to reduce it either among my Rhetorical, Philosophical or Moral Works, or to retain it among my Familiar Epistles, as they may think the best interests of Posterity may demand. And this they may regard as a Codicil to my Last Will and Testament, which I have by me duly executed, in which I have provided for my family to the latest generations, at the expense of my private and public friends.—D. Y.

* Our readers will remember that *Grildrig* was the name given to Gulliver by his little nurse (not above forty feet high), Glumdalclitch, during his residence in that Empire.—*Printer's Devil.*

Inaugural Address of President Pierce.

MY COUNTRYMEN: It is a relief to feel that no heart but my own can know the personal regret and bitter sorrow over which I have been borne to a position, so suitable for others, rather than desirable for myself.

The circumstances under which I have been called, for a limited period, to preside over the destinies of the Republic, fill me with a profound sense of responsibility, but with nothing like shrinking apprehension. I repair to the post assigned me, not as to one sought, but in obedience to the unsolicited expression of your will, answerable only for a fearless, faithful and diligent exercise of my best powers. I ought to be, and am, truly grateful for the rare manifestation of the nation's confidence; but this, so far from lightening my obligations, only adds to their weight. You have summoned me in my weakness; you must sustain me by your strength. When looking for the fulfilment of reasonable requirements, you will not be unmindful of the great changes which have occurred, even within the last quarter of a century, and the consequent augmentation and complexity of duties imposed, in the administration both of your home and foreign affairs.

Whether the elements of inherent force in the Republic have kept pace with its unparalleled progression in territory, population and wealth, has been the subject of earnest thought and discussion, on both sides of the ocean. Less than sixty-three years ago, the Father of his Country made "the" then "recent accession of the important State of North Carolina to the Constitution of the United States," one of the subjects of his special congratulation. At this moment, however, when the agitation consequent upon the revolutionary movement had hardly subsided, when we were just emerging from the weakness and embarrassments of the Confederation, there was an evident consciousness of vigour, equal to the great mission so wisely and bravely fulfilled by our fathers. It was not a presumptuous assurance, but a calm faith, springing from a clear view of the sources of power, in a government constituted like ours. It is no paradox to say that, although comparatively weak, the new-born nation was intrinsically strong. Inconsiderable in population and apparent resources, it was upheld by a broad and intelligent comprehension of rights, and an all-pervading purpose to maintain them, stronger than armaments. It came from the furnace of the revolution, tempered to the necessities of the times. The thoughts of the men of that day were as practical as their sentiments were patriotic. They wasted no portion of their energies upon idle and delusive speculations, but with a firm and fearless step advanced beyond the governmental landmarks, which had hitherto circumscribed the limits of human freedom, and planted their standard where it has stood, against dangers, which have threatened from abroad, and internal agitation, which has at times fearfully menaced at home. They approved themselves equal to the solution of the great problem, to understand which their minds had been illuminated by the dawning lights of the revolution. The object sought was not a thing dreamed of; it was a thing realized. They exhibited not only the power to achieve, but what all history affirms to be so much more unusual, the capacity to maintain. The oppressed throughout the world, from that day to the present, have turned their eyes hitherward, not to find those lights extinguished, or to fear lest they should wane, but to be constantly cheered by their steady and increasing radiance.

In this, our country has, in my judgment, thus far fulfilled its highest duty to suffering humanity. It has spoken, and will continue to speak, not only by its words but by its acts, the language of sympathy, encouragement and hope, to those who earnestly listen to tones, which pronounce for the largest rational liberty. But, after all, the most animating encouragement and potent appeal for freedom will be its own history, its trials and its triumphs. Pre-eminently, the power of our advocacy reposes in our example; but no example, be it remembered, can be powerful for lasting good, whatever apparent advantages may be gained, which is not based upon eternal principles of right and justice. Our fathers decided for themselves, both upon the hour to declare and the hour to strike. They were their own judges of the circumstances, under which it became them to pledge to each other "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," for the acquisition of the priceless inheritance transmitted to us. The energy with which that great conflict was opened, and, under the guidance of a manifest and beneficent Providence, the uncomplaining endurance with which it was prosecuted to its consummation, were only surpassed by the wisdom and patriotic spirit of concession which characterized all the counsels of the early fathers.

One of the most impressive evidences of that wisdom is to be found in the fact that the actual working of our system has dispelled a degree of solicitude, which, at the outset, disturbed bold hearts and far-reaching intellects. The apprehension of dangers from extended territory, multiplied States, accumulated wealth, and augmented population, has proved to be unfounded. The stars upon your banner have become nearly threefold their original number, your densely populated possessions skirt the shores of the two great oceans; and yet this vast increase of people and territory has not only shown itself compatible with the harmonious action of the States and the Federal Government in their respective constitutional spheres, but has afforded an additional guarantee of the strength and integrity of both.

With an experience thus suggestive and cheering, the policy of my Administration will not be controlled by any timid forebodings of evil from expansion. Indeed, it is not to be disguised that our attitude as a nation, and our position on the globe, render the acquisition of certain possessions, not within our jurisdiction, eminently important for our protection, if not, in the future, essential for the preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world. Should they be obtained, it will be through no grasping spirit, but with a view to obvious national interest and security, and in a manner entirely consistent with a strict observance of national faith. We have nothing in our history or position to invite aggression, we have everything to beckon us to the cultivation of relations of peace and amity with all nations. Purposes, therefore, at once just and pacific, will be significantly marked in the conduct of our foreign affairs. I intend that my Administration shall leave no blot upon our fair record, and trust I may safely give the assurance that no act within the legitimate scope of my constitutional control will be tolerated, on the part of any portion of our citizens, which cannot challenge a ready justification before the tribunal of the civilized world. An Administration would be unworthy of confidence at home, or respect abroad, should it cease to be influenced by the conviction, that no apparent advantage can be purchased at a price so dear as that of national wrong or dishonour. It is not your privilege, as a nation, to speak of a distant past. The striking incidents of your history, replete with instruction, and furnishing abundant grounds for hopeful confidence are comprised in a period comparatively brief. But if your past is limited, your future is boundless. Its obligations throng the unexplored pathway of advancement, and will be limitless as duration. Hence, a sound and comprehensive policy should embrace, not less the distant future, than the urgent present.

The great objects of our pursuit, as a people, are best to be attained by peace, and are entirely consistent with the tranquility and interests of the rest of mankind. With the neighbouring nations upon our continent, we should cultivate kindly and fraternal relations. We can desire nothing in regard to them so much, as to see them consolidate their strength, and pursue the paths of prosperity and happiness. If, in the course of their growth, we should open new channels of trade, can create additional facilities for friendly intercourse, the benefits realized will be equal and mutual. Of the complicated European systems of national polity we have heretofore been independent. From their wars, their tumults and anxieties, we have been, happily, almost entirely exempt. While these are confined to the nations which gave them existence, and within their legitimate jurisdiction, they cannot affect us, except as they appeal to our sympathies in the cause of human freedom and universal advancement. But the vast interests of commerce are common to all mankind, and the advantages of trade and international intercourse must always present a noble field for the moral influence of a great people.

With these views firmly and honestly carried out, we have a right to expect, and shall, under all circumstances, require prompt reciprocity. The rights which belong to us as a nation, are not alone to be regarded, but those which pertain to every citizen in his individual capacity, at home and abroad, must be sacredly maintained. So long as he can discern every star in its place upon that ensign, without wealth to purchase for him preferment, or title to secure for him place, it will be his privilege, and must be his acknowledged right, to stand unabashed even in the presence of princes, with a proud consciousness that he is himself one of a nation of sovereigns, and that he cannot, in legitimate pursuit, wander so far from home, that the agent whom he shall leave behind in the place which I now occupy, will not see that no rude hand of power or tyrannical passion is laid upon him with impunity. He must realize, that upon every sea, and on every soil where our enterprise may rightfully seek the protection of our flag, American citizenship is an inviolable panoply for the security of American rights. And, in this connection, it can hardly be necessary to re-affirm a principle which should now be regarded as fundamental. The rights, security, and repose of this Confederacy reject the idea of interference or colonisation, on this side of the ocean, by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissable.

The opportunities of observation furnished by my brief experience as a soldier, confirmed in my own mind the opinion entertained and acted upon by others from the formation of the Government, that the maintenance of large standing armies in our country would not only be dangerous but unnecessary. They also illustrated the importance, I might well say the absolute necessity, of the military science and practical skill furnished, in such an eminent degree, by the institution which has made your army what it is, under the discipline and instruction of officers not more distinguished for their solid attainments, gallantry, and devotion to the public service, than for unobtrusive bearing and high moral tone. The army, as organized, must be the nucleus around which, in every time of need, the strength of your military power, the sure bulwark of your defence—a national militia—may be readily formed into a well-disciplined and efficient organization. And the skill and self-devotion of the Navy assure you that you may take the performance of the past as a pledge for the future, and may confidently expect that the flag which has waved its untarnished folds over every sea, will still float in undiminished honour. But these, like many other subjects, will be appropriately brought at a future time, to the attention of the co-ordinate branches of the Government, to which I shall always look with profound respect, and with trustful confidence that they will accord to me the aid and support which I shall so much need, and which their experience and wisdom will readily suggest.

In the administration of domestic affairs, you expect a devoted integrity in the public service, and an observance of rigid economy in all departments, so marked as never justly to be questioned. If this reasonable expectation be not realized, I frankly confess that one of your leading hopes is doomed to disappointment and that my efforts in a very important particular must result in a humiliating failure. Offices can be properly regarded only in the light of aids for the accomplishment of these objects; and as occupancy can confer no prerogative, nor importunate desire for preferment any claim, the public interest imperatively demands that they be considered with sole reference to the duties to be performed. Good citizens may well claim the protection of good laws, and the benign influence of a good government; but a claim for office is what the people of a Republic should never recognise. No reasonable man of any party will expect the Administration to be so regardless of its responsibility, and of the obvious elements of success, as to retain persons, known to be under the influence of political partisan prejudice, in positions, which will require, not only severe labour, but cordial cooperation. Having no implied engagements to ratify, no rewards to bestow, no resentments to remember, and no personal wishes to consult, in selections for official station, I shall fulfil this difficult and delicate trust, admitting no motive as worthy either of my character or position, which does not contemplate an efficient discharge of duty and the best interests of my country. I acknowledge my obligations to the masses of my countrymen, and to them alone. Higher objects than personal aggrandizement gave direction and energy to their exertions in the late canvass, and they shall not be disappointed. They require at my hands dilligence, integrity and capacity, wherever there are duties to be performed. Without these qualities in their public servants, more stringent laws, for the prevention or punishment of fraud, negligence and speculation, will be vain. With them, they will be unnecessary.

But these are not the only points, to which you look for vigilant watchfulness. The dangers of a concentration of all power in the General Government of a Confederacy so vast as ours, are too obvious to be disregarded. You have a right, therefore, to expect your agents, in every department, to regard strictly the limits imposed upon them by the Constitution of the United States. The great scheme of our constitutional liberty rests upon a proper distribution of power between the State and Federal authorities; and experience has shown, that the harmony and happiness of our people must depend upon a just discrimination between the separate rights and responsibilities of the States, and your common rights and obligations under the General Government. And here, in my opinion, are the considerations, which should form the true basis of future concord in regard to the questions which have most seriously disturbed public tranquility. If the Federal Government will confine itself to the exercise of powers clearly granted by the Constitution, it can hardly happen that its action upon any question should endanger the institutions of the States, or interfere with their rights to manage matters strictly domestic according to the will of their own people.

In expressing briefly my views upon an important subject which has recently agitated the nation to almost a fearful degree, I am moved by no other impulse than a most earnest desire for the perpetuation of that Union, which has made us what we are, showering upon us blessings, and conferring a power and influence which our fathers could hardly have anticipated, even with their most sanguine hopes directed to a far-off future. The sentiments I now announce were not unknown before the expression of the voice which called me here. My own position upon this subject was clear and unequivocal, upon the record of my words and my acts, and it is only recurred to at this time because silence might, perhaps, be misconstrued. With the Union, my best and dearest earthly hopes are entwined. Without it, what are we, individually or collectively? What becomes of the noblest field ever opened for the advancement of our race, in religion, in government, in the arts, and in all that dignifies and adorns mankind? From that radiant constellation, which both illumes our own way and points out to struggling nations their course, let but a single star be lost, and, if there be not utter darkness, the lustre of the whole is dimmed. Do my countrymen need any assurance that such a catastrophe is not to overtake them while I possess the power to stay it? It is with me an earnest and vital belief, that as the Union has been the source, under Providence, of our prosperity to this time, so it is the surest pledge of a continuance of the blessings we have enjoyed, and which we are sacredly bound to transmit undiminished to our children. The field of calm and free discussion in our country is open, and will always be so: but it never has been and never can be traversed for good in a spirit of sectionalism and uncharitableness. The founders of the Republic dealt with things as they were presented to them, in a spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism, and, as time has proved, with a comprehensive wisdom which it will always be safe for us to consult. Every measure tending to strengthen the fraternal feelings of all the members of our Union, has had my heartfelt approbation. To every theory of society or government, whether the offspring of feverish ambition or of morbid enthusiasm, calculated to dissolve the bonds of law and affection which unite us, I shall interpose a ready and stern resistance. I believe that involuntary servitude, as it exists in different States of this confederacy, is recognized by the Constitution. I believe that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States where it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. I hold that the laws of 1850, commonly called the "Compromise Measures," are strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect. I believe that the constituted authorities of this Republic are bound to regard the rights of the South in this respect, as they would view any other legal and constitutional right, and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs. Such have been, and are, my convictions, and upon them I shall act. I fervently hope that the question is at rest, and that no sectional, or ambitious, or fanatical excitement may again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity.

But let not the foundation of our hope rest upon man's wisdom. It will not be sufficient that sectional prejudices find no place in the public deliberation. It will not be sufficient that the rash counsels of human passions are rejected. It must be felt, that there is no national security but in the nation's humble, acknowledged dependence upon God and His overruling providence.

We have been carried in safety through a perilous crisis. Wise counsels, like those which gave us the Constitution, prevailed to uphold it. Let the period be remembered as an admonition, and not as an encouragement, in any section of the Union, to make experiments where experiments are fraught with such fearful hazard. Let it be impressed upon all hearts, that, beautiful as our fabric is, no earthly power or wisdom could reunite its broken fragments. Standing as I do almost within view of the green slopes of Monticello, and, as it were, within reach of the tomb of Washington, with all the cherished memories of the past gathering around me, like so many eloquent voices of exhortation from Heaven, I can express no better hope for my country than that the kind Providence, which smiled upon our fathers may enable their children to preserve the blessings they have inherited.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Receipts for the Standard.

From January 1st, to March 1st, 1853.

690	Mary Springstead, Cazenovia, N. Y.	$2 00
676	Julia A. Wilbur, Rochester, "	2 00
732	Dr. E. Howe, Cambridge, Mass.	10 00
666	E. Ayres, Governeur, N. Y.	0 51
660	F. Morton, Plymouth, Mass.	3 40
676	J. M. Robins, Milton, "	2 00
661	John M. Spear, Boston, "	0 50
687	Robert Johnson, New York City,	1 00
671	Rev. John Anderson, Ithaca, N. Y.	2 00
557	E. Martin, Akron, O.	5 00
707	A. G. Hussey, Nantucket, Mass.	2 00
658	T. Pendergart, Newburyport, Mass	5 00
660	J. B. Mosher, Millport, N. Y.	1 84
677	R. Haydock, New York City,	2 00
700	R. Marriott, Standfordville, N. Y.	2 00
700	Wm. Marsh, South Barre, "	2 00
711	Wm. Pope, Jr., Harrison Square, Mass.	2 00
672	Mrs. M. A. Babcock, Boston, "	2 00
682	Joseph C. Garr, Spencertown, N. Y.	1 00
710	Phebe A. Comstock, Mabbettsville, N. Y.	4 00
64q	J. W. Cook, Brunswick, Me	2 00
664	J. R. Moore, Havanna, N. Y.	2 00
716	James O. L. Foster, Rockland, Me.	2 00
634	V. H. Hallock, Pookepsie, N. Y.	2 00
676	D. Thomas, Palmyra, O.	2 80
674	L. Stevens, Plymouth, Mass.	2 00
677	W. S. George, Boston, Mass.	1 00
680	John Tweedy, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	2 00
672	W. Tappan, Bradford, N. H.	2 00
716	Wm. Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00
657	S. A. Barrett, Milton, "	3 00
625	P. Ware, Medfield, Mass;	4 00
730	Lewis Slocum, North Easton, N. Y.	2 00
708	Joseph Perry, Keene, N. H.	2 00
709	J. B. Pound, Lockport, N. Y.	2 00
688	R. Owen, Conewango, "	2 00
687	F. Purdy, Magadore, O.	2 00
676	C. Cowing, West Roxbury, Mass.	2 00
709	Harriet M. Carlton, Boston, "	2 00
680	John Orton, Sherman, Conn.	3 00
658	E. C. Macy, Hudson, N. Y.	2 00
676	Anti-Slavery Society, Concord, Mass.	2 00
698	T. Downing, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	2 00
676	A. R. Pope, Somerville, Mass.	5 00
656	J. T. Hallock, Milton, N. Y.	6 50
698	Sarah Hallock, " "	2 00
710	J. M. Aldrich, Fall River, Mass.	2 00
698	Wm. Morritt, Battle Creek, Mich.	1 50
683	C. G. Davis, Boston, Mass.	2 00
728	S. G. A. Woodworth, Sandy Hill, N. Y.	2 00
710	Rev. J. D. Martin, Tullyallen, Ireland,	2 00
697	F. Hover, Richmond, Ind.	2 00
712	Alcinda Smith, "	2 00
996	L. Denindorf, Cedarville, N. Y.	2 00
672	Z. Garlick, Fly Creek, N. Y.	0 50
684	S. B. Boughton, Middleville, N. Y.	1 00
710	Anna Bragg, South Wales, N. Y.	2 00
676	P. R. Meriam, Ashburnham, Mass.	2 00
714	Phebe T. Wilbur, North Easton, N. Y.	2 00
673	James Jennis, Peru, Ind.	2 00
628	Laura McKee, Delevan, Wis.	1 00
——	John Allen, Walnut Creek, Ind.	4 00
666	Chas. Atkinson, " "	5 00
712	Jesse Owen, "	2 00
754	S. Howland, Sherwoods' N. Y.	5 00
——	J. W. Tyson, Perkiomen Bridge, Pa.	3 00
646	A. Sumner, Willow Grove, O.	2 00
679	M. Tomlinson, " "	4 00
680	A. M. Chase, Boston, Mass.	2 00
650	J. Johnson, " "	3 00
651	Thomas Davis, Providence, R. I.	3 00
710	M. B. Johnson, Lynn, Mass.	2 00
		$176 75

COLLECTIONS BY J. H. AND M. A. PHILLEO.

Mrs. A. E. Hurd, Norway, Herkimer Co., N. Y.	$1 00
H. T. Horton, " " "	1 00
L. L. Belsey, Fairfield, " "	1 00
H. L. Easton, Cedarville, " "	1 00
Horatio Beals, " " "	1 00
Samuel Matthews, " " "	1 00
Lewis Devendorf, " " "	1 00
Ladies A. S. Sewing Society, West Winfield, Herkimer County, New York,	5 00
Harry Thomas, West Exeter, Otsego, N. Y.	1 00
Collection at West Martinsburg, Lewis, "	1 60
" Martinsburg, " "	2 25
" Turin, " "	0 40
" Port Leydon, " "	1 76
" Collinsville, " "	1 20
" Norway, Herkimer Co. "	2 00
" Fairfield, " "	0 87
" Middleville, " "	4 17
" Cedarville " "	2 37
" West Winfield, " "	2 55
" Unadilla Forks, Otsego Co. "	2 69
" Leonardsville, Madison Co. "	1 00
" West Exeter, Otsego Co. "	1 76
" Burlington Flatts, " "	2 48
	$40 16

DONATIONS.

L. Wetmore, New York City,	$70 00
John B. Estlin, Bristol, England,	25 00
S. G. A. Woodworth, Sandy Hill, N. Y.	10 00
	$105 00

RECAPITULATION.

Receipts for *Standard*,	$176 75
Collections by J. H. and M. A. Philleo,	40 16
Donations,	105 00
Total,	$321 91

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

IN CINCINNATI, OHIO,

TO BE HELD ON

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,

The 19th, 20th and 21st of April, 1853.

To the Friends of Universal Liberty, we again send forth our earnest call to come together in Convention.

FREEDOM is an inestimable blessing, Slavery an unspeakable evil; all history bears record to the struggles of the wise, the good and the great in behalf of Freedom. The noblest of men, and the greatest of the nations, have always valued it above all price. In our day it certainly ought to be no less precious. And Slavery being the very opposite of Freedom, is its deadliest foe.

Can we then, fellow-citizens, be engaged in a better work than that of assembling in a zealous and Christian spirit, to consult how most effectually the Abolition of Slavery may be brought about?

The slaveholders and their numerous allies have become the ruling power in this nation; this Slave Power controls the two great political parties, makes Presidents, governs official appointments, directs legislation, and what is worse than all, corrupts the sources of Religion and Morals, making our Christianity a pretence, and our Republicanism a sham: It desires above all things to be let alone, quietly to perpetrate its abominations, and determines to stop agitation.

Humanity, duty, and interest, on the other hand, call aloud on the friends of Freedom to agitate without ceasing, and to maintain an active and unflinching opposition to the Power of Slavery.

Fully persuaded of the righteousness of the Cause, and confiding in the blessing of Almighty God, we invite *all*, without reference to sect or party, sex or colour (so they be agreed in one thing, an honest hatred of Slavery), to come together to counsel, to encourage, and to plan for renewed and increasing efforts; to unite in sending forth a voice from the Metropolis of the Great West, declaratory of the growing hatred of the people to this cruel iniquity.

That veteran champion of Human Rights, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, of Boston, intends to take part in the Convention—so also does Miss SALLIE HOLLEY, of Massachusetts; and many other distinguished speakers will be specially invited, and are expected to attend.

CHRISTIAN DONALDSON,
SARAH OTIS ERNST,
WM. HENRY BRISBANE,
ELIZABETH T. COLEMAN,
JULIA HARWOOD,
ANDREW H. ERNST,
MARY M. GUILD,
MARY W. MANN,
JOHN JOLIFFE,
AMANDA E. LEWIS,
EDWARD HARWOOD,
NATHAN M. GUILD,

Board of Managers of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Circle of Cincinnati.

N. B. We respectfully request the Editors of newspapers to insert the above Call.

☞ REV. DR. POMROY, of Boston will deliver a lecture at the Broadway Tabernacle, in the People's Course, on Tuesday Evening March 15. His subject will be THE YANKEE.

MRS. H. B. STOWE'S NEW WORK.

A KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded. Together with Corroborative Statements, verifying the truth of the work.

We shall publish during the present month, the above valuable work, which is destined to have a run second only to Uncle Tom itself. We have orders already on hand for nearly 20,000 copies, in advance of publication; and but a small proportion of the trade have yet ordered. The KEY will contain as much matter as Uncle Tom's Cabin, but we shall make the original issue in the same form as the cheap edition of Uncle Tom, viz. in one Royal 8vo Pamphlet, double columns. The retail and wholesale prices will be the same as the cheap edition of Uncle Tom.

Orders from the trade are most respectfully solicited at an early day, to govern us in the size of the first edition to be printed, in order, if possible, to avoid the trouble and perplexity of not having half books enough to answer *first* orders.

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We take pleasure in announcing that the German translation of this great work is now printing, and will be ready for delivery very soon, complete in one royal 8vo volume, double columns, printed from new and beautiful type, on thick and fine paper. To retail at 50 cents. Same discount as upon the other editions. Early orders solicited.

Also in Press, and nearly ready, the Second Edition, making 5,000 copies, of the SUPERB ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, with 153 Engravings.

WE HAVE ALSO IN PRESS, TO BE ISSUED IN MARCH,

The Speeches of Hon. J. R. Giddings,

WITH A PORTRAIT.

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ALSO,

The Writings of Hon. William Jay,

ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION AND ON WAR.

This volume will be a most invaluable contribution to the standard literature of our country. No man stands higher in the estimation of the truly great and good than the venerable Judge Jay. And no one has contributed a greater number of articles of sterling value to the cause of freedom and peace than he. To be published in one 12mo volume of about 500 pages, with a fine Portrait of the Author. Price, $1.

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N. B.—L. S. & Co. have recently published, and have now for sale, the "FARMER'S GUIDE," by Henry Stephens, of Edinburgh, and Prof. Norton, of Yale College, New Haven, complete in 2 vols., royal octavo, containing 1,600 pages, 14 steel and 600 wood engravings. Price, in muslin binding, $6; in paper covers, for the mail, $5.

☞ *This work is* NOT *the old "Book of the Farm," lately* RESUSCITATED *and thrown upon the market.*

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next session of this Institution will commence on September 1st, 1853, and continue *five months*, closing on the 31st of January, 1854.

Persons wishing copies of the announcement or desirous of obtaining further information, will please apply personally, or by letter to the Dean of the Faculty.

DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.,
229 Arch st. Philadelphia.

March 3d—tf

Writings of W. L. Garrison.

SELECTIONS from the "Writings and Speeches of William Lloyd Garrison"—316 pages, duodecimo. Price—In cloth, $1; extra gilt, $1.25.

For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau st., N. Y.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

Miscellaneous Department.

THE *Literary World* gives some extracts from a forthcoming work on this country by M. and Madame Pulski. We copy a portion of them, which will be of special interest to our readers:

It is a common boast with American gentlemen, that their ladies rule, and are more respected than anywhere else in the world. I heard this often repeated in the society of New York, and I inquired of a gentleman, who was repeating this pet phrase, in what way they ruled? "Why, they have all they like," was the reply: "they dress and go shopping, and have not to care about anything; we even live in hotels, to save them the trouble of housekeeping."

"I see," observed I, "you are almost as courteous as the Turks, who allow their wives every amusement in their harems, and about the shops, whilst they attend to graver matters. The elegantly-gilded and painted parlours of your hotels, where the ladies meet to rock away time in the easy rocking-chairs, are admirable harems; but what has all this to do with *the rule* of your ladies? Even granted that you accepted their wishes as commands, still you are no Pashas, whose whims claim obedience from the community; you, yourselves, rule only by the active part you take in public affairs, and do you mean to say you consult your ladies about these matters?"

"Well, not exactly," answered the gentleman; "but (said he), a lady can travel alone all over the States without danger of an insult, or unbecoming behaviour: our daughters go often out, and are in society without their mothers—every man is their natural protector."

"Quite as in Turkey," replied I; "no man, not even the husband, would ever dare to follow his veiled lady in the streets, and if he sees a slipper before the door of her room, the sign that another lady visits her, not even the Pasha presumes to intrude. And, as to the travels of the unprotected ladies, they are perhaps less frequent in Europe than in America, but the manners and customs of our age protect them as efficiently in the old as in the new world. All the difference, perhaps, is that the morality in the United States is more sterling than in France and Italy, or in the capitals of Austria and Russia, and therefore flirtations with married ladies are unheard of."

"But in Europe," he said, "women even work in the fields, and they must assist the husbands to earn subsistence for their families; with us, even in the factories, the girls work until they marry; but once married, the maintenance of the family is the care of the husband, and an American farmer would feel degraded if his wife or daughter should hoe the corn or break the flax."

Of course, I readily acknowledged that, owing to the greater facilities of earning a livelihood, the women of the lower classes were much better off than in Europe but I did not understand in what way the respect for the fair sex is connected with this fact. The gentleman turned to other topics; I sought information on the other side, and understood from some very intellectual ladies that their lords, *in general*, little consult the opinions of their female rulers, even as concerns their own private affairs. I learnt that it occurs but too often that a lady who believes herself to be in affluent circumstances is suddenly informed by her husband that they must give up housekeeping, because they cannot afford it. It appears as if the gentlemen would atone for their all-absorbing *passion for business* by the privilege they give to the ladies of idling their time away. And as *business* is a passion with the Americans—as business is with them not the means, but the very life of existence—they are most anxious to keep this department *exclusively* to themselves; and, well aware that there is no more infallible way to secure non-interference than by giving the general impression that they never act for themselves, *the ladies' rule* has become a current phrase, but by no means a fact, in the United States.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

Dec. 25th.—I called on Mrs. Mott, the eminent Quaker lady, to whom a mutual friend had given me a letter. I have seldom seen a face more artistically beautiful than that of Mrs. Lucretia Mott. She looks like an antique cameo. Her features are so markedly characteristic that, if they were less noble, they might be called sharp. Beholding her, I felt that great ideas and noble purposes must have grown up with her mind, which have a singular power of expression in her very movements. Her language is, like her appearance, peculiar and transparent, and it is only when she touches upon the Slavery question that her eye flashes with an indignation and her lips quiver with a hasty impatience, disturbing the placid harmony of her countenance and her conversation. But though she so positively pronounces the views at which she has arrived by self-made inquiry, yet she mildly listens to every objection, and tries to convince by the power of her arguments, untinged by the slightest fanaticism. She expressed her warm sympathy with the cause of Hungary, and her admiration of the genius of Kossuth; yet she blamed his neutrality in the Slavery question. I objected, that as Kossuth claimed non-intervention as the sacred law of nations, he was not called to interfere in a domestic question of the United States, so intimately connected with their constitution. But how can Kossuth, the champion of liberty—answered she—not raise his voice in favour of the oppressed race? to argue is surely not the same thing as to interfere. I replied, that a question involving intricate domestic interests, and for that very reason passions so bitter, that even an allusion to it rouses sensitive jealousies, certainly cannot be discussed by a foreigner with the slightest chance of doing good: that the difficulty of emancipation lies perhaps less in the lack of acknowledgment of the evils of Slavery than in the hardness to devise the means of carrying emancipation without convulsing the financial interests of the slaveholders, and to do it in a constitutional way. For after all, this must be attended to, if the welfare of the whole community is not to be endangered; therefore this problem can only be solved practically by native American statesmen, living in the midst of the people, with whom is lodged the final power to adopt the measure, as it has already been done in the Free States and in the old Spanish colonies.

Though I could not acquiesce in the opinion of Mrs. Mott that the abolition of Slavery should be preached in season and out of season, by the defender of the rights of nations, I yet fell beneath the charm of her moral superiority, and I warmly wished that I could spend hours to listen and to discuss with her and Mr. Mott, in the attractive circle of her children and grandchildren. Great was, therefore, my astonishment when, upon my expressing my admiration for Mrs. Mott to some gentlemen, one of them exclaimed, "You do not mean to say that you have called on that lady?"

"Of course I have," was my answer; "why should I not? I am most gratified to have done so, and I only regret that the shortness of the time we have to spend here prevents me from often repeating my visit."

"But she is a furious Abolitionist," retorted the gentleman. "It will do great harm to Governor Kossuth if you associate with that party."

"I perceive, sir," said I, "that you highly estimate Mrs. Mott, as you consider her alone a whole party. But if any friend of Governor Kossuth, even if he himself, converses with a person who has strong opinions against Slavery, what harm can there be in that?"

"Your cause will then lose many friends in this city," was the answer.

I was perfectly amazed at such intolerance, and expressed this frankly. The gentleman, however, attempted to point out to me what mischief the Abolitionists were doing, and how long ago emancipation would have been carried in all the States, had the Abolitionists not so violently interfered, and besides (continued he) Mrs Mott preaches!

"Well," replied I, "do not many Quaker ladies preach occasionally?"

This fact was admitted, but another gentleman remarked that Mrs. Mott was dangerous, as her sermons were powerfully inciting.

"Is she perhaps a fighting Quaker?" inquired I, "who appeals to the words of the Saviour, that he did not come to send peace on earth, but the sword?"

"I am a fighting Quaker myself," said the gentleman; "my forefathers fought in the revolutionary war, but Mrs. Mott is a Hicksite."

To my inquiry, what were the tenets of the Hicksites inspiring such dislike, I got the answer, "They are very bad, very bad; they, in fact, believe nothing."

This assertion was so contradictory to the impression left on my mind by Mrs. Mott, that I attentively perused some of her sermons, and I found them pervaded by that fervent desire to seek truth and to do right, of which Jesus teaches us that blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled—and therefore, although my views differ from hers on many points, I perceived that party-feeling must be strong in Philadelphia to arouse such unjust views as I had heard expressed; and I could not help thinking that the meddling and narrow spirit had not yet departed here, which, in 1707, proposed that young men should be obliged to marry at a certain age, and that only two sorts of clothes should be worn, one kind for summer, and one for winter.

A BIRTH-DAY MATIN.

[For the Standard.]

How the birth-days come and go,
Till, like February's snow,
They but remind of long ago!
Long ago—when the ring
Of the blood's unbanded fling,
Was like a rill, let loose by Spring.

Now, the pulse's broken play
Is like that stream, snow-hid, to day,
And the Spring seems far away!
Far away—it only seems—
While like lover's hope, in dreams,
'Neath calm of sleep, the Great Hope teems!

Teems with an awakening life,
As the buried seed, now rife
With an inward swell and strife:
Strife to break the frozen clod
On which Winter long hath trod,
And ascend to laugh with God.

Laugh with such a holy laugh
As the blossom which doth quaff
Sweetest dews—from Heaven help,
And help from its cold place of birth,
Where it broke the frigid earth
In its wakening, bounding mirth.

Should Joy memorise the day
With such strifes of romping play
As greet the youth, on life's highway,
'T would be more than years could bear—
More than stricken lines of care,
Writ in whitening bands of hair.

So God fits the birth-day cheer
To the Great Hope booming near,
When chill Februa is here:
And, list! the grateful chickedee
As now I sing, sings back to me:
"Life is gracious unto thee."

Feb. 23, 1852. A. F. C.

We are indebted to a friend for the following copy of verses by Tennyson, found in the (London) '*Literary Gem*,' published in 1831. They have not appeared in any of the Volumes of Tennyson's Poems.

NO MORE.

Oh sad *No more!* Oh sweet *No more!*
Oh strange *No more!*
By a mossed brookbank on a stone
I smelt a wildweed-flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Lowburied fathom deep beneath with thee, *No more!*

A. T.

ANACREONTICS.

With roses musky breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silverleaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown before her
For her I love so dearly,
A garland for Lenora.
With a silken cord I bound it.
Lenora, laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laughter,
About her forehead wound it,
And loved me ever after.

A. T.

A FRAGMENT.

Where is the Giant of the Sun, which stood
In the midnoon the glory of old Rhodes,
A perfect Idol with profulgent brows
Farsheening down the purple seas to those
Who sailed from Migraim underneath the star
Named of the dragon—and between whose limbs
Of brassy vastness broadblown argosies
Drave into heaven? Yet endure unscathed
Of changeful cycles the great Pyramids
Broadbased amid the fleeting sands, and sloped
Into the slumbrous summernoon; but where,
Mysterious Egypt, are thine obelisks
Graven with gorgeous emblems undiscerned?
Thy placid Sphinxes brooding o'er the Nile?
Thy shadowing Idols in the solitudes,
Awful Memnonian countenances calm
Looking athwart the burning flats, far off
Seen by the highnecked camel on the verge
Journeying southward? where thy monuments
Piled by the strong and sunborn anakim
Over their crowned brethren ON and OPH?
Thy Memnon when his peaceful lips are kist
With earliest rays, that from his mother's eyes
Flow over the Arabian bay, no more
Breathes low into the charmed ears of morn
Clear melody flattering the crisped Nile
By columned Thebes. Old Memphis hath gone down:
The Pharaohs are no more: somewhere in death
They sleep with staring eyes and gilded lips
Wrapped round with spiced cerements in old grots
Rockhawn and sealed for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1851.

THE POOR RELATION'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

HE was very reluctant to take precedence of so many respected members of the family, by beginning the round of stories they were to relate as they sat in a goodly circle at the Christmas fire; and he modestly suggested that it would be more correct if "John our esteemed host" (whose health he begged to drink) would have the kindness to begin. For as to himself, he said, he was so little used to lead the way, that really —— But as they all cried out here, that he must begin, and agreed with one voice that he might, could, would, and should begin, he left off rubbing his hands, and took his legs out from under his arm-chair, and did begin.

I have no doubt (said the poor relation) that I shall surprise the assembled members of our family, and particularly John our esteemed host to whom we are so much indebted for the great hospitality with which he has this day entertained us, by the confession I am going to make. But, if you do me the honour to be surprised at anything that falls from a person so unimportant in the family as I am, I can only say that I shall be scrupulously accurate in all I relate.

I am not what I am supposed to be. I am quite another thing. Perhaps before I go further, I had better glance at what I *am* supposed to be.

It is supposed, unless I mistake—the assembled members of our family will correct me if I do, which is very likely (here the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction); that I am nobody's enemy but my own. That I never met with any particular success in anything. That I failed in business because I was unbusiness-like and credulous—in not being prepared for the interested designs of my partner. That I failed in love, because I was ridiculously trustful—in thinking it impossible that Christiana could deceive me. That I failed in my expectations from my uncle Chill, on account of not being as sharp as he could have wished in worldly matters. That, through life, I have been rather put upon and disappointed, in a general way. That I am at present a bachelor of between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, living on a limited income in the form of a quarterly allowance, to which I see that John our esteemed host wishes me to make no further allusion.

The supposition as to my present pursuits and habits is to the following effect.

I live in a lodging in the Clapham Road—a very clean back room, in a very respectable house—where I am expected not to be at home in the day-time, unless poorly; and which I usually leave in the morning at nine o'clock, on pretence of going to business. I take my breakfast—my roll and butter, and my half-pint of coffee—at the old established coffee-shop near Westminster Bridge; and then I go into the City—I don't know why—and sit in Garraway's Coffee House, and on 'Change, and walk about, and look into a few offices and counting-houses where some of my relations or acquaintance are so good as to tolerate me, and where I stand by the fire if the weather happens to be cold. I get through the day in this way until five o'clock, and then I dine: at a cost, on the average, of one and threepence. Having still a little money to spend on my evening's entertainment, I looked into the old established coffee-shop as I go home, and take my cup of tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So, as the large hand of the clock makes its way round to the morning hour again, I make my way round to the Clapham Road again, and go to bed when I get to my lodging—fire being expensive, and objected to by the family on account of its giving trouble and making a dirt.

Sometimes, one of my relations or acquaintances is so obliging as to ask me to dinner. Those are holiday occasions, and then I generally walk in the Park. I am a solitary man, and seldom walk with anybody. Not that I am avoided because I am shabby; for I am not at all shabby, having always a very good suit of black on (or rather Oxford mixture, which has the appearance of black and wears much better); but I have got into a habit of speaking low, and being rather silent, and my spirits are not high, and I am sensible that I am not an attractive companion.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, Little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature; and in a crowd he is soon run over, as I may say, and forgotten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little; still, we understand each other. We walk about, hand in hand; and without much speaking he knows what I mean, and I know what he means. When he was very little indeed, I used to take him to the windows of the toy-shops, and show him the toys inside. It is surprising how soon he found out that I would have made him a great many presents if I had been in circumstances to do it.

Little Frank and I go and look at the outside of the Monument—he is very fond of the Monument—and at the Bridges, and at all the sights that are free. On two of my birth-days, we have dined on a-la-mode beef, and gone at half-price to the play, and been deeply interested. I was once walking with him in Lombard Street, which we often visit on account of my having mentioned there are great riches there—he is very fond of Lombard Street—when a gentleman said to me as he passed by, "Sir, your little son has dropped his glove." I assure you, if you will excuse my remarking on so trivial a circumstance, this accidental mention of the child as mine, quite touched my heart and brought the foolish tears into my eyes.

When little Frank is sent to school in the country, I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself, but I have the intention of walking down there once a month and seeing him on a half-holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the Heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the child, I can see him from a distance without his seeing me, and walk back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves, I am aware, of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his retiring disposition; but I think he would miss me beyond the feeling of the moment, if we were wholly separated.

When I die in the Clapham Road, I shall not leave much more in this world than I shall take out of it; but, I happen to have a miniature of a bright-faced boy, with a curling head, and an open shirt-frill waving down his bosom (my mother had it taken for me, but I can't believe that it was ever like), which will be worth nothing to sell, and which I shall beg may be given to Frank. I have written my dear boy a little letter with it, in which I have told him that I felt very sorry to part from him, though bound to confess that I knew no reason why I should remain here. I have given him some short advice, the best in my power, to take warning of the consequences of being nobody's enemy but his own; and I have endeavoured to comfort him for what I fear he will consider a bereavement, by pointing out to him that I was only a superfluous something to every one but him, and that having by some means failed to find a place in this great assembly, I am better out of it.

Such (said the poor relation, clearing his throat and beginning to speak a little louder) is the general impression about me. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance which forms the aim and purpose of my story, that this is all wrong. This is not my life, and these are not my habits. I do not even live in the Clapham Road. Comparatively speaking, I am very seldom there. I reside, mostly, in a—I am almost ashamed to say the word, it sounds so full of pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building always known to every one by the name of a Castle. In it, I preserve the particulars of my history; they run thus:

It was when I first took John Spatter (who had been my clerk) into partnership, and when I was still a young man of not more than five-and-twenty, residing in the house of my uncle Chill from whom I had considerable expectations, that I ventured to propose to Christiana. I had loved Christiana a long time. She was very beautiful, and very winning in all respects. I rather mistrusted her widowed mother, who I feared was of a plotting and mercenary turn of mind; but, I thought as well of her as I could, for Christiana's sake. I never had loved any one but Christiana, and she had been all the world, and O far more than all the world, to me, from our childhood!

Christiana accepted me with her mother's consent, and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life at my Uncle Chill's was of a spare dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper prison room in some stern northern fortress. But, having Christiana's love, I wanted nothing upon earth. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

Avarice was, unhappily, my Uncle Chill's master-vice. Though he was rich, he pinched, and scraped, and clutched, and lived miserably. As Christiana had no fortune, I was for some time a little fearful of confessing our engagement to him; but, at length I wrote him a letter, saying how it all truly was. I put it into his hand one night, on going to bed.

As I came down stairs next morning, shivering in the cold December air; colder in my uncle's unwarmed house than in the street, where the winter sun did sometimes shine, and which was at all events enlivened by cheerful faces and voices passing along; I carried a heavy heart towards the long, low breakfast-room in which my uncle sat. It was a large room with a small fire, and there was a great bay window in it which the rain had marked in the night as if with the tears of houseless people. It stared upon a raw yard, with a cracked stone pavement, and some rusted iron railings half uprooted, whence an ugly out-building that had once been a dissecting-room (in the time of the great surgeon who had mortgaged the house to my uncle), stared at it.

We rose so early always, that at that time of the year we breakfasted by candle-light. When I went into the room, my uncle was so contracted by the cold, and so huddled together in his chair behind the one dim candle, that I did not see him until I was close to the table.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up his stick (being infirm, he always walked about the house with a stick), and made a blow at me, and said, "You fool!"

"Uncle," I returned, "I didn't expect you to be so angry as this." Nor had I expected it, though he was a hard and angry old man.

"You did'nt expect!" said he; "when did you ever expect? When did you ever calculate, or look forward, you contemptible dog?"

"These are hard words, uncle!"

"Hard words? Feathers, to pelt such an idiot as you with," said he. "Here! Betsy Snap! Look at him!"

Betsy Snap was a withered, hard-favoured, yellow old woman—our only domestic—always employed, at this time of the morning, in rubbing my uncle's legs. As my uncle adjured her to look at me, he put his lean grip on the crown of her head, she kneeling beside him, and turned her face towards me. An involuntary thought connecting them both with the Dissecting Room, as it must often have been in the surgeon's time, passed across my mind in the midst of my anxiety.

"Look at the snivelling milksop!" said my uncle. "Look at the baby! This is the gentleman who, people say, is nobody's enemy but his own. This is the gentleman who can't say no. This is the gentleman who was making such large profits in his business that he must needs take a partner, t'other day. This is the gentleman who is going to marry a wife without a penny, and who falls into the hands of Jezabels who are speculating on my death!"

I knew, now, how great my uncle's rage was; for nothing short of his being almost beside himself would have induced him to utter that concluding word, which he held in such repugnance that it was never spoken or hinted at before him on any account.

"On my death," he repeated, as if he were defying me by defying his own abhorrence of the word. "On my death—death—Death! But I'll spoil the speculation. Eat your last under this roof, you feeble wretch, and may it choke you!"

You may suppose that I had not much appetitite for the breakfast to which I was bidden in these terms; but, I took my accustomed seat. I saw that I was repudiated henceforth by my uncle; still I could bear that very well, possessing Christiana's heart.

He emptied his basin of bread and milk as usual, only that he took it on his knees with his chair turned away from the table where I sat. When he had done, he carefully snuffed out the candle; and the cold, slate-coloured, miserable day looked in upon us.

"Now, Mr. Michael," said he, "before we part, I should like to have a word with these ladies in your presence."

"As you will, sir," I returned; "but you deceive yourself, and wrong us, cruelly, if you suppose that there is any feeling at stake in this contract but pure, disinterested, faithful love."

To this, he only replied, "You lie!" and not one other word.

We went, through half-thawed snow and half-frozen rain, to the house where Christiana and her mother lived. My uncle knew them very well. They were sitting at their breakfast, and were surprised to see us at that hour.

"Your servant, ma'am," said my uncle, to the mother. "You divine the purpose of my visit, I dare say, ma'am. I understand there is a world of pure, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants, to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, ma'am—and you, your husband, miss. The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wise bargain."

He snarled at me as he went out, and I never saw him again.

It is altogether a mistake (continued the poor relation) to suppose that my dear Christiana, over-persuaded and influenced by her mother, married a rich man, the dirt from whose carriage wheels is often, in these changed times, thrown upon me as she rides by. No, no. She married me.

The way we came to be married rather sooner than was intended, was this. I took a frugal lodging and was saving and planning for her sake, when, one day, she spoke to me with great earnestness, and said:

"My dear Michael, I have given you my heart. I have said that I loved you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us. I know you well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now be stronger in your character for the conflict with the world would then be weakened to the shadow of what it is!"

"God help me, Christiana!" said I. "You speak the truth."

"Michael!" said she, putting her hand in mine, in all maidenly devotion, "let us keep apart no longer. It is but for me to say that I can live contented upon such means as you have, and I well know that you are happy. I say so from my heart. Strive no more alone; let us strive together. My dear Michael, it is not right that I should keep secret from you what I do not suspect, but what distresses my whole life. My mother: without considering that what you have lost, you have lost for me, and on the assurance of my faith: sets her heart on riches, and urges another suit upon me, to my misery. I cannot bear this, for to bear it is to be untrue to you. I would rather share your struggles than look on. I want no better home than you can give me. I know that you will aspire and labour with a higher courage if I am wholly yours, and let it be so when you will!"

I was blest indeed, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home. That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of; the Castle we have ever since inhabited together, dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child—now married—was a little girl, whom we called Christiana. Her son is so like Little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is also quite erroneous. He did not begin to treat me coldly, as a poor simpleton, when my uncle and I so fatally quarrelled; nor did he afterwards gradually possess himself of our business and edge me out. On the contrary, he behaved to me with the utmost good faith and honour.

Matters between thus, took his turn: On the day of my separation from my uncle, and even before the arrival at our counting-house of my trunks (which he sent after me, *not* carriage paid), I went down to our room of business, on our little wharf, overlooking the river: and there I told John Spatter what had happened. John did not say, in reply, that rich old relatives were palpable facts, and that love and sentiment were moonshine and fiction. He addressed me thus:

"Michael," said John. "We were at school together, and I generally had the knack of getting on better than you, and making a higher reputation."

"You had John," I returned.

"Although," said John, "I borrowed your books, and lost them; borrowed your pocket-money, and never repaid it: got you to buy my damaged knives at a higher price than I had given for them new; and to own to to the windows that I had broken."

"All not worth mentioning, John Spatter," said I, "but certainly true."

"When you were first established in this infant business, which promises to thrive so well," pursued John, "I came to you, in my search for almost any employment, and you made me your clerk."

"Still not worth mentioning, my dear John Spatter," said I; "still, equally true."

"And finding that I had a good head for business, and that I was really useful *to* the business, you did not like to retain me in that capacity, and thought it an act of justice soon to make me your partner."

"Still less worth mentioning than any of those other little circumstances you have recalled, John Spatter," said I; "for I was, and am, sensible of your merits and my deficiencies."

"Now my good friend," said John, drawing my arm through his, as he had had a habit of doing at school; while two vessels outside the windows of our counting-house—which were shaped like the stern windows of a ship—went lightly down the river with the tide, as John and I might then be sailing away in company, and in trust and confidence, on our voyage of life; "let there, under these friendly circumstances, be a right understanding between us. You are too easy, Michael. You are nobody's enemy but your own. If I were to give you that damaging character among our connection, with a shrug, and a shake of the head, and a sigh; and if I were further to abuse the trust you place in me——"

"But you never will abuse it at all, John," I observed.

"Never!" said he, "but I am putting a case—I say, and if I were further to abuse that trust by keeping this piece of our common affairs in the dark, and this other piece in the light, and again this other piece in the twilight, and so on, I should strengthen my strength, and weaken your weakness, day by day, until at last I found myself on the high road to fortune, and you left behind on some bare common, a hopeless number of miles out of the way."

"Exactly so," said I.

"To prevent this, Michael," said John Spatter, "or the remotest chance of this, there must be perfect openness between us. Nothing must be concealed, and we must have but one interest."

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy," pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of, by any one; you must not expect me to humour it——"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "I *don't* expect you to humour it. I want to correct it."

"And I, too!" said John.

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We both have the same end in view; and, honourably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest, ours will be a prosperous and happy partnership."

"I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter. And we shook hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my Castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership throve well. My friend and partner supplied what I wanted, as I had foreseen that he would; and by improving both the business and myself, amply acknowledged any little rise in life to which I had helped him.

I am not (said the poor relation, looking at the fire as he slowly rubbed his hands), not very rich, for I never cared to be that; but I have enough, and am above all moderate wants and anxieties. My Castle is not a splendid place, but it is very comfortable, and it has a warm and cheerful air, and is quite a picture of Home.

Our eldest girl, who is very like her mother, married John Spatter's eldest son. Our two families are closely united in other ties of attachment. It is very pleasant of an evening, when we are all assembled together—which frequently happens—and when John and I talk over old times, and the one interest there has always been between us.

I really do not know, in my Castle, what loneliness is. Some of our children or grandchildren are always about it, and the young voices of my descendants are delightful—O, how delightful! to me to hear. My dearest and most devoted wife, ever loving, ever helpful and sustaining and consoling, is the priceless blessing of my house; from whom all its other blessings spring. We are rather a musical family, and when Christiana sees me, at any time, a little weary or depressed, she steals to the piano and sings a gentle air she used to sing when we were first betrothed. So weak a man am I, that I cannot bear to hear it from any other source. They played it once, at the Theatre, when I was there with little Frank; and the child said, wondering, "Cousin Michael, whose hot tears are these that have fallen on my hand!"

Such is my Castle, and such are the real particulars of my life therein preserved. I often take Little Frank home there. He is very welcome to my grandchildren, and they play together. At this time of the year—the Christmas and New Year time—I am seldom out of my Castle. For, the associations of the season seem to hold me there, and the precepts of the season seem to teach me that it is well to be there.

"And the Castle is ——" observed a grave, kind voice among the company.

"Yes. My Castle," said the poor relation, shaking his head as he still looked at the fire, "is in the Air. John our esteemed host suggests its situation accurately. My Castle is in the Air! I have done. Will you be so good as to pass the story."

SISTERS AND SLAVERY.

AFFECTIONATE REPROOF.

By the Ladies Bull.

Dearest Sisters, we implore you
To receive our fond caress,
Whilst we meekly lay before you
An affectionate address.
Do not think we mean to blame you
By a single thing we say,
Or desire at all to shame you
In the slightest kind of way.

But by such a sense of duty
To this course we are impelled,
From publicity though Beauty—
We're aware—should keep withheld,
That we must call your attention
To a tender point we know,
You will guess it when we mention
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Sisters, daughters, wives, and mothers,
Ah! our feelings how it racks,
That your sons, sires, husbands, brothers,
Should so badly use their blacks!
Oh! we speak with hearts sincerest,
All with love and pity rent;
But why don't you, sisters dearest,
Make you relatives repent.

ENDEARING RECRIMINATION.

By the Ladies Jonathan.

Sisters, darlings, sweetest creatures,
Of a common faith and stock,
Not a word to cloud your features,
Or your gentle bosoms shock,
For a moment would we utter,
For all Californy's gold;
But now you've churned all that butter,
You must let the truth be told.

You have slaves, far worse than niggers,
That in ignorance are sunk,
Who no letters know, nor figures,
Vicious, destitute, and drunk;
Have them taught to read their Bibles,
And repeat their A. B. C;
Better this than writing libels
On the Nation of the Free.

Go exhort each male relation,
We would earnestly implore,
To relieve the dire starvation
Which is lying at your door.
'Tis with deepest pain that others
Of their faults we're forced to tell,
Whilst forbearance gently smothers
Hearts, each gushing like a well!

SEASONABLE INTERFERENCE

By an Impartial Arbitrator.

Ladies, ladies, soft and freely
Interchange your loving raps,
Or you'll scrape a quarrel lively
If not come to pulling caps.
Both have grounds for accusation,
But on one side there's a flaw:
Slaves for *want of Legislation*,
Are not quite like *slaves by Law*.

—*Punch*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE 'WHITE SLAVES' OF ENGLAND.—The tenantry of the Duke of Devonshire lately begged his Grace to sit for his portrait, and, after a modest demurrer, have obtained his consent. At their request his Grace has named the artist—the gentleman chosen being Sir Edward Landseer. An engraving is to be taken from the portrait, "so that," to use the words of the tenantry, "each one may possess a likeness of a nobleman who will ever live in the hearts of his tenantry, and in the recollection of every well-wisher of his country."

——A LONDON EDITOR FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Our editor was originally intended for the kirk, and was a well-informed person; but to see him at or after midnight in his official chair, a writing his "leader," was a treat for a philosopher. With the slips of paper before him, a pot of porter close at hand, and a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, or casually laid down, he proceeded *secundum artem*. The head hung with the chin on his collar-bone, as in deep thought—a whiff—another—a tug at the beer—and a line and a half or two lines committed to the blotted paper.—*Jerdan's Autobiography.*

——NEW THEORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.—Prince Madog was the first, according to the history of Wales, that discovered the New World. After his discovery he returned to Wales for followers, and sailed again, but never afterwards returned—this was about the twelfth century—and this, added to the fact that a tribe of Welsh Indians has been lately discovered in America, proves that these Welsh adventurers were the discoverers of the New World.—*Ellis Robert's Lecture on the Music of Wales.*

——REPUTED ORIGIN OF "BLACKGUARDISM."—In all great houses, but particularly in royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependants, whose office it was to attend the wood yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest depth there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people in derision gave the name of "blackguards," a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never before properly explained.—*Gifford's Notes to Ben Johnson*

——THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND WASHINGTON.—J. R., of Cork (vol. vi., p. 480), tells how Wellington was in his youth smitten with the charms of a lady, who, in after-life, having appealed to save the life of Ney, was not simply unsuccessful in her object, but was ordered to quit Paris forthwith. J. B. Burke, in the "Patrician," vol. vi., p. 372, tells how Washington endeavoured to win the love of Mary Phillipse, and how he failed; how years rolled on, and the rejected lover, as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, was supplicated by the same Mary, then the wife of Roger Morris, to spare the life of Andre. The appeal failed, and one of the General's aides was ordered to conduct the lady beyond the lines.—*Notes and Queries.*

——A LONDON paper, speaking of *Harper's Magazine*, says: Two engravings in the last number of the magazine above quoted ludicrously illustrate the danger of giving too free rein to fancy. One of the engravings represents the giving of the law to Moses, in which Mount Sinai is shown with a neat *fence* running around it, bearing a very close resemblance to the post and rail fences which are so abundant in Yankee land! The artist was evidently misled by the fact that Moses was directed to "set bounds," so that the people should not pass up the mount, which bounds were probably nothing more than a line, or ditch. The other engraving mentioned is descriptive of the miraculous support of Elijah in the wilderness, and represents several cakes as quietly reposing on a thing which strikingly resembles in its construction those excellent kitchen utensils yclepeđ *gridirons*, which are found in the hardware establishments of the present day!

——AN English paper gives a new use for milk. It says: A novel discovery has recently been made, which is likely to effect a revolution in the milk trade. In consequence of the advance in the price of olive oil, from £40 per tun to £70, the manufacturers of woolen cloths, who use this oil in large quantities, have found out that necessity is the mother of invention. One of them, in the neighbourhood of Thurlstone, near Penistone, tried whether milk mixed with oil would not answer the purpose. The experiment exceeded his most sanguine expectations, the mixture being far better for the purpose than olive oil alone. The consequence has been that milk has advanced to 1s. 4d. per gallon, in the neighbourhood of some of the woolen cloth mills, and cows are being bought up in all directions. There was a brisk sale at Penistone market on Thursday, everything going off at excellent prices.

——THE Cardinal Archbishop of Besacon has published, on the occasion of Lent, a *mandement*, in which he dwells on the non-observance of the Sunday. "He maintains," says the *Journal des Débats*, "that temporal visitations, such as the sterility of fields, the ruin and bankruptcy of traders, &c., are the consequence and the chastisement thereof. The prelate cites as an example hotel and inkeepers: They, he says, for having neglected to observe the fast days ordered by the Church by supplying their guests with meat, have seen the pestilence of railway fall on them. It is true that since railways convey travellers with rapidity to their destinations, hotel and innkeepers established in intermediate places have seen their houses deserted by the crowds who used to frequent them when people travelled on horseback or on foot, even in diligences. But we should not have believed that this result could be ascribed to the anger of heaven against the poor innkeepers."

——THE EMPRESS'S GRAND AUNT AT DUMFRIES.—Having observed that one of the titles of the intended empress of France was "Kirkpatrick de Closeburn," our curiosity was excited to know whether she was in any way related to the ancient family, the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, in this neighbourhood. Well, we have had the honour of conversing with a venerable and worthy maiden lady—residing near Nithbank here—a member of the family of the Kirkpatricks of Conheath, Caerlave-rock, a branch of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn. She informs us that her brother, William Kirkpatrick, became American consul at Malaga, Spain, and married into an ancient family of the name of Graves or Gravi, our informant is not certain which. The fruit of the marriage was the mother of the intended empress, who married the Count de Montijo. Our venerable friend is therefore aunt of the empress's mother, and grand aunt of the empress herself.—*Dumfries and Galloway Standard.*

——AN ALARMING SACRIFICE IN BATAVIA.—The *Journal des Débats*, quoting from the *Java Bode* (a journal published at Batavia), gives an account of a recent sale of slaves at the Chinese camp. The slaves, twelve in number, having been placed upon the table of the exposition, disposed in four lots, rattled some money in their hands and addressed a few words, timidly, and in low tones, to the assembly. A person who acted as their agent here stepped forward, and stated that his clients, having accumulated, by long and painful labours, some small savings, solicited the favour of being allowed to make a bidding for the purchase of their own persons. No opposition being offered, the first lot was cried, and made an offer, through their agent, of forty francs. No advance being made upon this sum the slaves were knocked down to themselves. The next lot, encouraged by their predecessors, offered only twenty-four francs. The public preserved the same silence, and they also became their own purchasers. The third lot took the hint, and were even more fortunate, picking themselves up a decided bargain for the modest sum of ten francs. The *Java Bode* sees in these facts a great advance in civilization, especially among the Chinese, who formed the great majority of the persons present.

——FARADAY'S DISCOVERIES.—In default of literary gossip this week, we will say a word on Faraday's lecture, "On the Magnetic Forces," at the Royal Institution—a lecture which commanded the attention of the most crowded audience we remember within those walls. Faraday is still pursuing his researches, and has not yet arrived at any conclusion sufficiently definite to bring forward; but he gave one of his admirable expositions of the nature and objects of his search in determining magnetic force, and called attention to a most remarkable and far-reaching discovery recently made—a discovery which, while it opens new tracks

"In the shadowy thoroughfares of thought,"

well illustrates the value of all direct and accurate observation, even when the observation seems to have little practical application. It is this. A German astronomer has for many years been watching the spots on the sun, and daily recording the result. From year to year the groups of spots vary. They are sometimes very numerous, sometimes they are few. After a while it became evident that the variation in number followed a descending scale through five years, and then an ascending scale through five subsequent years, so that the periodicity of the variations became a visible fact. Now, of what use, asks the practical Sones, is this fact? We know that every ten years there has been a cycle of variations; what then? What are these said spots, what do the groups mean, how do they affect us? Jones sees nothing but astral twaddling in this patient observation. And in truth, so long as the fact remains an isolated fact, it is silent to us; but connect it with some other fact, and it may discourse significantly. Can this be done? There seems good hope it may.

While our German friend was busy with his groups of sun-spots, an Englishman was busy with the variations of the magnetic needle. He, too, was a patient recorder of patient observation. On comparing his tabular results with those of the German astronomer, he found that the variations of the magnetic needle corresponded with the variations of the sun-spots—that the years when the groups were at their maximum, the variations of the needle were at their maximum, and so on through the series. This relation may be coincident merely, or derivative; if the latter, then do we connect astral and terrestrial magnetism, and new reaches of science are open to us!

How beautifully this illustrates the slow and certain conquests of science, compared with the rapid and illusory usurpations of metaphysics! The facile method of a metaphysician would have been employed in vain upon these sun-spots. The "depths of moral consciousness" might have been ransacked, and *die Idee zu construiren*—the construction of the true Idea would have been hopeless. Nature answers if we "interrogate;" but only if we interrogate her, not if we interrogate ourselves. She will have nothing to say to the *Idee als solches!*—*London Leader.*

——The London papers contain a letter from Kossuth to Capt. Mayne Reid, thanking him for denying the authenticity of an address, to the Hungarian Soldiers in the Austrian Army which was posted in Milan during the late disturbance, and signed 'Kossuth.' The letter, enclosed the following proclamation:

TO THE HUNGARIAN SOLDIERS QUARTERED IN ITALY.

GALLANT COUNTRYMEN—It is with indignation I learn that on the occasion of the troubles of Feb. 6, at Milan, an appeal has been circulated there in my name, calling on you to join in that abortive movement.

Soldiers! that document was not genuine. I have not approved of an insurrection in Italy for the present moment. I issued no appeal calling on you to take a part in it.

Once the time will come (and come it shall). Undoubtedly will I, in the name of our country, desire you, wheresoever you may then be, to side with the people round the banner of liberty. That is a sacred duty. Our enemy is the same everywhere, and the people's cause is one and the same, alike as there is but one God! one honour? and one liberty!

But this I only shall do at the right time. The present time was not the right one.

Of one thing you may rest assured, and that is, that I never shall play with your blood a wanton play.

Whensoever I shall say to you "Ye braves! the time is at hand!" I will tell you this neither from London, nor from any distant safe place, but from head-quarters. In person will I lead you on, and claim the first share in your glorious dangers.

Never shall I invite you to risk any danger in which I myself do not share.

And as no one can be present in two places at once, should I for that reason not place myself at the head of your heroic ranks, because duty will call on me to do that in our own dear country, where I shall have to fight for freedom and right in Hungary, while you will be fighting for it in Italy; my appeal will reach you by the hand of a gallant Hungarian commander, whom I will charge to lead you on to the field of glory, fighting forward home, to join the banner which I shall hold there.

Of this you may rest assured. Until then be prepared, but wait. Don't play your blood wantonly.

The fatherland, the world is needing it. For freedom and fatherland! L. KOSSUTH.

London, Feb. 15, 1853.

——THE MILAN RIOT.—*Turin*, Friday, Feb. 11, 1853: According to the news received indirectly from Milan, the rage of the Austrian chiefs there is beyond conception. No man is safe, however harmless he may be—no one knows how to dress; the military patroles, having authority to arrest any one and to fire on whoever they please, under the slightest pretense, are not sparing in making use of it. The number of those daily arrested is so great that all the individuals confined for debt have been set at liberty to make room for political prisoners. Among these are now to be found many respectable people. More executions are expected, as hangmen have been sent for in the neighbouring provinces. All the theatres are shut up—an order is on the point of being issued compelling the municipality of Milan to settle a pension for life on all the wounded military, and all the widows, relations, or children of the killed. Many Hungarian officers and soldiers are arrested, and several have been shot in the Castle (of Milan) for having shown sympathy for the people.

Our Government, on the other hand, has ordered the immediate arrest of any one attempting to go from this into the neighbouring States to take part in revolutionary acts; the immediate expulsion of all the refugees who may have made bad use of the hospitality afforded them from this State; and the removal into the interior of all those who reside in frontier provinces excepting such only as are in the employ of Government.

After writing so far, reports are in circulation of insurrectionary movements having taken place at Bologna, Parma and Florence. People, however, are so excited that exaggeration is natural, and alarm creates evils which do not exist. So, at least, I sincerely wish, as the moment could not be more unpropitious for an Italian revolution.

Of the seven persons executed at Milan, two were joiners, one was a waiter, one a porter, one a type founder, one a hatter, and another a journeyman butcher. There being no gibbet ready, the porter was shot instead of being hanged.

The *Opinione* of Turin states that the gates of Milan have been re-opened. The police, according to this paper, are still making new arrests, and the prisons are so full that the prisoners for debt have been released to make room for others. The quarter of Porta Tosa has been militarily occupied, as also the public edifices and the principal houses. Two hundred soldiers are quartered in the Palazzo Resta, and others in the Palazzi d'Adda, Sornani and Acoenti. The proprietors of the houses before which the paving had been taken up to make barricades with, have been ordered to get the streets repaired at their own expense, as they ought to have opposed the making of barricades, and informed the authorities. The gates are open from 5 A. M. to 8 P. M. Workmen living in town, but belonging to manufactories outside the gates, are allowed to return later through certain gates, if provided with certificates from their masters, countersigned by the proper military authorities.

Letters from Novara of the 10th, in the *Opintone* of Turin, state that all the refugees living in the communes adjoining the frontier of Lombardy have been ordered to remove either to Vercelli or Cassale, at their choice.